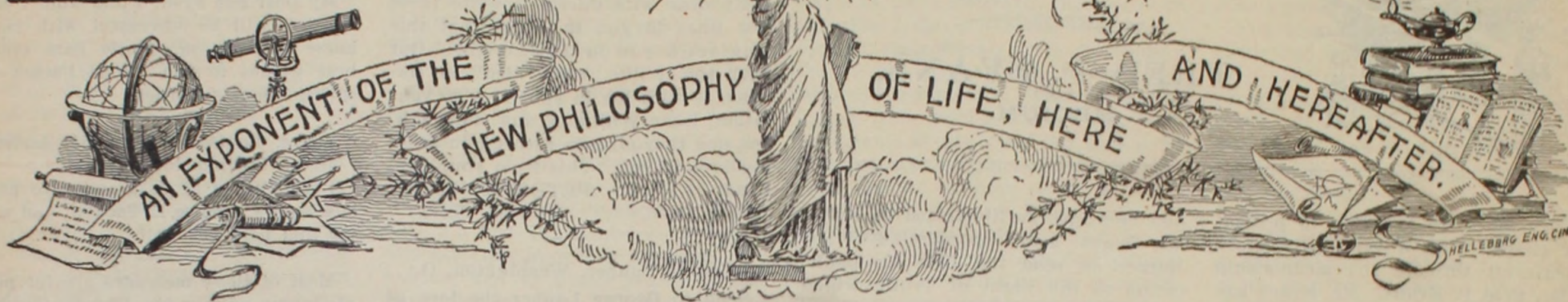


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# LIGHT OF TRUTH



VOL. XXVI., No. 19.

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## RETROSPECTIVE VS. PROSPECTIVE.

I will not look into the past for fear  
I do behold the odds and ends of death;  
Torn vestments, shreds, and broken skeletons!

Thoughts rusted by the use of time, and,  
oh!  
A motley heap of superstitious gray,  
And wreck upon the frothy sea of myth!

Old creeds so damnable that even hell—  
Its fires extinct—grows red, blushing to  
hear  
Their utterance! And all the blood of war!

But to the future cast my eyes, my soul,  
And there behold the dawn of purer love;  
And depth of reason, fathomless, profound!

Earth garmented by greener foliage,  
And the blue sky is brighter than before;  
And fruitful grains, whose harvests breathe  
of peace!

And song of saint is not a requiem;  
For death and requiems have passed away,  
And life's grand hallelulahs swell!  
Grand Rapids, Mich. —B. F. Sliter.

## A FRENCHMAN'S METHOD OF INCREASING THE STATURE OF CHILDREN.

The subject of stunted men and women is always of importance, notwithstanding that the rising generation promises to be well above the average in height. A noted Frenchman has published researches in a paper read before the French Academy of Medicine, in which he traces shortness in children mainly to alcoholism, morphine habit and other similar troubles in their parents. He believes that treatment for stunted children is valuable and should consist of rational measures directed to the relief of the maladies which produce arrested development combined with improved hygiene and gymnastics. Remembering that there is always one primary factor which renders the child short, he attempts the direct remedy by stimulating the growth of the bones. Since the growth of the bones is at the point where the shaft joins the ends, he induces local excitation at this point by applying saturated salt or sabrine compresses at night. He believes that electricity locally applied is even more efficacious and almost any kind of current seems to act as a sufficient stimulant. He has also found good results from the application to the muscles surrounding the joints.

"You ride your wheel on Sunday, yet you object to my going skating on Sunday. What is the difference?" "Well, when you ride your wheel you are always going somewhere. When you're skating you're not. It's just like dancing. And you know it isn't the right thing to go to a dance on Sunday."—Chicago Tribune.

Mutual sympathy is essential to happiness.



REV. CHARLES L. AINSWORTH

Was born in Indiana in the year 1870. He graduated from the higher schools of education at the age of 18 years, at which time he entered the study of medicine. He became interested in the Occult Sciences at the age of 22, and since then has been devoting his time to scientific research and to the unfoldment of his own psychic powers. His attention and energy were occupied for several years as a teacher and lecturer along the hypnotic and other occult lines, until finally he entered the Spiritual lecture field as an inspirational speaker and test medium. His engagements along this line have been one continuous repetition of successes. Mr. Ainsworth is at present occupying the rostrum of the First Spiritual church at his home in Indianapolis, where large and highly pleased audiences are attesting their appreciation of his ability.

## THE VIRUS OF THE THEOLOGISTS STILL AT WORK.

Rev. N. D. Hillis thus shows up one of his critics and incidentally some other matters which some people think have died out:

I don't know Dr. Duffield. I think he is one of the old school theologians. By the "old school" I mean those Presbyterians who divide the human race into the elect and the non-elect—those who are predestined to punishment and those who are to be saved. They believe that the man of 70 and the babe of 7 months are saved or doomed to eternal punishment, according as God has decreed.

This is the doctrine taught at Princeton Theological seminary. It is in Dr. Archibald Hodges' "Commentary on Confessions of Faith." It is taught at the McCormick Theological seminary in Chicago and at the Omaha Theological seminary. Dr. Harsha at Omaha, Dr. Warfield at Princeton and Dr. Craig at Chicago actually are teaching hundreds of young men that God discriminates against half of the human race and predestines souls to heaven or perdition.

These young students are being taught the creed of Jonathan Edwards; the narrowness of view that marked religious teaching 200 years ago is being inculcated into their minds.

## THE HUMAN AURA.

According to the testimony of many gifted clairvoyants, the state of a person's health is indicated by the nature of the lines which radiate from the human body in all directions and constitute its aura. But in whatever part of the frame they are deficient in these characteristics, their disease is localized. According to L'Echo de l'Audela at d' Ici bas (Paris), Dr. Johnson, of Brooklyn, U. S., possessing the faculty of clairvoyance, perceives the aura of the patients who resort to him, and being thus enabled to fix the precise organ or region which is disordered, is qualified to treat it very effectively. By the poorer population of that city he is habitually spoken of as the Christ, because he has devoted so large a portion of his time to the gratuitous healing of necessitous patients, in imitation of his great exemplar.

## PERHAPS TALMAGE COULD EXPLAIN.

A remarkable incident of the recent fire at the Theater Francais in Paris was the saving from destruction of Houdon's statue of Voltaire. A fireman who devoutly worships the memory of the great French philosopher threw a rubber blanket over the statue during the conflagration. It was not marred by the fire. It will be temporarily placed in another theater until the Theater Francais will have been rebuilt.

They were talking about birds in congress the other day. Representative Lacey's bill to prevent the importation of certain of the feathered tribe being under discussion. Mr. Cummings of New York was telling how wicked the English sparrows were. "Only the other day," he said, "I was walking through the Capitol grounds, when I saw a poor little robin surrounded by sparrows that were picking it to pieces. At my approach the sparrows flew away, but the robin was unable to use its wings. I picked it up and took it to my home, a short distance away. There I gave it a drink of brandy, and it died a moment later. Under its wings—"

"If it was the same stuff you gave me yesterday, I wonder it lived that moment," broke in Private John Allen of Mississippi.

Mr. Cummings looked reproachfully at Mr. Allen and sat down, while the house roared. What was under that robin's wings will never be published in the Congressional Record.

We have known some bashful women whose cloaks of modesty were later on worked over into bloomers.





EXPERIMENTS . . .  
IN DIRECT SPIRIT  
WRITING

FRED P. EVANS,  
MEDIUM.

Once more we are able to present our readers with a very satisfactory experiment through the mediumship of Mr. Fred P. Evans. Mr. Evans has received quite a number of letters from readers of this journal asking why experiments were not published in March, and why the delay. It will be interesting to the readers of the Light of Truth to know that, whilst the editor has requested Mr. Evans to furnish at least monthly experiments for publication, yet the medium finds it impossible to secure experiments in a regular or stereotyped manner. Mr. Evans merely sends the experiments as they are considered by his guides to be interesting enough for the purpose intended. Therefore, nothing but well-authenticated experiments are offered, so the reader will see that there is no desire on the part of Mr. Evans or his guides to "rush into print," or unduly advertise themselves.

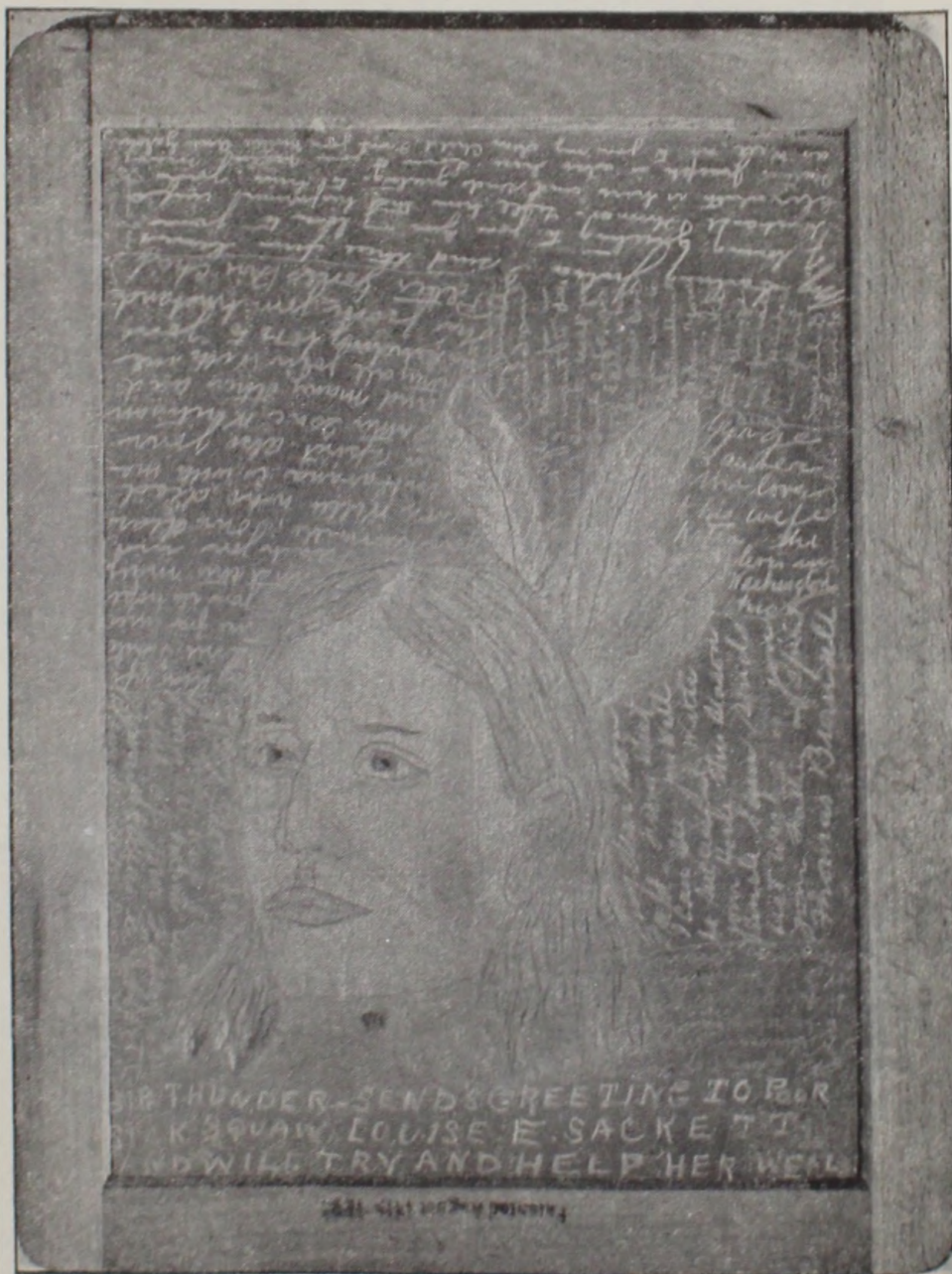
The medium complains that since these experiments have appeared in the Light of Truth that he has been besieged with letters and sealed slates by mail and express, asking for pictures and messages from departed relatives and friends. Ninety per cent of these applicants seem to imagine that he is either too ethereal to need the necessities of a physical life, such as food, clothes, shelter, etc., etc., or that he is independently rich and is in a position to devote his time free to the public; for, be it known, applicants for messages will often send the magnificent sum of 10 cents for a seance with sealed slates that cost 40 cents expressage, whilst others do not even furnish a stamp for reply.

However, probably these discrepancies are more the fault of the head than the heart. Mr. Evans states that he prefers the sitter to be personally present when giving a seance, because the results are eminently more satisfactory. He also adds that pictures do not always accompany messages at his seances—therefore intended sitters should not feel disappointed if they fail to get pictures at their first seance. And now we will proceed to explain the production of the slate given herewith and which we will call the Light of Truth's Experiment No. 7:

On Friday, April 13, Mr. Fred E. Burnell of the telegraph department of the New York Herald presented himself for a seance with Mr. Evans. The hour was 11 a. m. During his seance Mr. Burnell received a message from his father, stating that several spirits present—strangers to him and his son—desired to take advantage of the opportunity of sending messages to their earthly relatives and friends with the hopes that the slate would be placed where it could reach the eyes of their friends. Mr. Burnell then took a clean slate and after magnetizing both sides of the slate by laying his hand on each surface thereof, he placed a crumb of pencil on the table and laid the slate over the pencil, covering the same with both hands. After sitting in this manner for about 15 minutes he received a signal to raise the slate from the table and discovered the picture

and messages as illustrated herewith. Mr. Evans asked permission of Mr. Burnell to send the slate for publication to the Light of Truth, which was readily granted on promise of the return of the original slate.

Mr. Burnell furnishes the following endorsement and statement of how he



received the slate through Mr. Evans' mediumship.

"This is to certify that the slate 'containing a picture of an Indian and 'messages, and bearing my signature 'on the frame thereof was obtained by 'me through the mediumship of Mr. 'Fred P. Evans, at 103 West 42nd 'street, New York City, on Friday, 'April 13, at 11 a. m., and I further 'certify that the slate used for this 'production was free from writing and 'from any marks whatever when hand- 'ed to me for inspection, and that said 'slate never left my hands or sight 'until the completion of the seance 'and my discovery of the picture and 'messages thereon. I am fully satisfied 'of the genuineness of the manifesta- 'tion. Signed, FRED E. BURNELL, 'Telegraph Department of the New 'York Herald."

After the seance the medium request- ed his guide to secure from the spirit communicants the names and addresses

for whom the messages were intended. This was secured and we annex to the copy of each message the names and addresses as they were received.

COPY OF MESSAGES.

To Caroline Jones, 522 Main street, Jacksonville, Fla.—

My dear wife Carrie, I write these few lines to you in hopes that this may reach you in Jacksonville. Our dear son Willie, who "died" in Havana, is with me in spirit. Also your father, Isaac Whitman, and many others, and they all join with me in sending love to you. This from your husband,  
PETER JONES,  
(Fire Chief.)

To George Lauber, Washington, O.:

Send to George Lauber the love of his wife Kate. He lives in Wash- ington, Ohio.

To William F. Ostrander, Danbury, Conn.:

The spirit of Timothy Water- man wishes to be remembered to his grandson, W. F. Ostrander, Danbury, Conn.

To the actual sitter, M. F. E. Burnell:

My Dear Son Fred: From what I can see you will be successful with your horse this season. Uncle Sam sends best wishes to you. Your Father in spirit, Thomas Burnell.

To Mrs. Louisa Sackett, 54 Andrew street, Springfield, Mass.:

Big Thunder sends greeting to poor sick squaw, Louise E. Sackett, and will try and help her well.

Most of these messages are for peo- ple whom neither Mr. Burnell nor Mr. Evans have ever seen; therefore, the question of "Suggestion," "Unconscious Cerebration," etc., fail to explain these manifestations.

"ANGELS CALL"—GOOD TO LIVE  
AND DIE BY.

(By G. B. Stebbins.)

We live in a new spiritual atmos- phere, finer than the air we breathe, and of which chemistry gives us the constituents. Or rather, not strictly new, but more clear and vital than that of past ages. The miasma of supersti- tion, and the chill fogs of prejudice and unreason are less deadly and con- fusing. The soul is more open to light. The spirit welcomes its celestial kin- dred more hospitably, and their access to us is therefore easier. Never have they deserted this world, but never have they been with us so much as now.

Not long since a young woman in a family where I was acquainted had laid on her bed of suffering for weeks, until bodily death came as a welcome deliverer. She had no fear, only a sweet serenity, for her spiritual culture was healthy and uplifting. By her own thought she had risen above dwarfing dogmas to the eternal verities. She longed to stay and render dutiful service to a beloved mother, but a voice came occasionally, as from a little sister who passed away years ago, and she heard again the pet name that used to be spoken by infant lips. Other voices came also, and she said to her mother:—"They call me, and I think I shall go," speaking in quiet tender- ness and self-poised spirit, and with no "fancies of a fevered brain."

We used to be overawed and struck dumb, not daring to tell of these ex- periences, but that ghostly fear is pass- ing away; tenderly reverence comes in its stead, and we speak out. There is a heart-hunger for these facts which the press is ready to supply. When will the pulpit be ready? Here is a telegraph report, probably printed in hundreds of newspapers:

HEARD THE ANGELS CALL.

New York, Jan. 8.—Little Ethel No- namaker, the "Sunshine of Haver- straw," as they called her, died in Roosevelt hospital yesterday. The child was brought on a special train to New York on Monday to be treated for an accidental bullet wound in the abdomen.

At midnight Tuesday she awoke from a fretful slumber. Her mother and father were at the bedside, torn between hope and fear. Though the lights were dim they could see their darling's face.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" she cried, "why is it so dark? They have taken our light away and I can not see you."

The mother's heart almost stopped beating. It was not dark and the

To Mrs. Agnes Banfield, Nashua, N. H.:

May God bless you and keep you from all harm is the wish of your father, Elias C. Abbott. (To my daugh- ter, Agnes Banfield.)

To Mrs. Julia Locke, Philadelphia, Pa.:

My darling Julia, I send these few lines of loving greeting to you. Give my love to your husband Thomas. Tell him that his former wife, Elizabeth, is here and sends greeting to him. Your father, Joseph, is also here. Love to your sister Mary as well as to you, my dear child.—From your mother, Ann Galoway.

To Carrie Spink, Providence, R. I.:

My darling Carrie, I am often near you in spirit. I want to do all I can to help you through life. Our boy Eddie is here and sends love to you and to his sweetheart Ida. You will make that change in a few weeks.—Your husband in spirit, Samuel D. Spink.



lights had not been taken away. Ethel was sightless and dying slowly.

"Don't cry, mamma," she said, "I will be with the angels soon, and they will make me see. Oh! I have seen such a beautiful place in my dream, with golden houses. There is lovely music all the time." Ethel's father had to go to Haverstraw. The child held up her arms and groped around until she found his neck to clasp.

"Yes, that's papa," she whispered, "I know him. Goodby, papa. Kiss me once more. Hark! I hear the angels now. They are calling me!" Ethel lapsed into a stupor. All morning she lay there gasping, while her mother knelt weeping by the bedside. Even the doctor and nurses, used to such scenes, could not hide their emotion.

"How can I give her up," sobbed Mrs. Nonamaker, as the pulsebeats grew weaker and weaker.

The angels called just then, and little Ethel went away.

Thus we are verifying the faith and experiences of Phebe Carey, who wrote in *Borderland* these lines:

I know you are always by my side,  
And I know you love me, Winifred, dear,  
For I never called on you since you died,  
But you tenderly answered, "I am here."

You are my own, my darling still,  
So do not vanish or turn aside;  
Wait till my eyes have had their fill,  
Wait till my heart is pacified;

Oh! world, you may tell me I dream, I rave,  
So long as my darling comes to prove  
That the feet of the spirit can cross the  
grave,  
And the loving live, and the living love.

Sincere believers in the evangelical views of Christ sometimes tell us, "Your religion may do to live by, but not to die by," and then quote from an old hymn:

Jesus can make a dying bed  
As soft as downy pillows are.

As though such ease in the last earthly hour were not possible to such as had no faith in a miraculous Christ.

No doubt devout Christians, naturally rich in spiritual intuition, true in life, and uplifted by the high qualities and attainments of the Nazarene, have had peace and even rejoicing, on their death-beds—Bishop Gilbert Haven, for instance.

But Madame Leonowens, a most competent English woman, tutor at the time of the children of the king of Siam in the royal palace, in Bangkok, its capital city, wrote of being sent for near sunset to meet him at the death-bed of the Buddhist high priest—a really holy man, venerable, and held in loving reverence. Led to a room in the temple and seated by his side, she was near the simple couch on which an aged man was in peaceful rest, his features telling of sweetness and light within, his eyes beaming as though lighted by a holy radiance, full of love, but without fear. Seated around were hundreds of priests simply clad in their yellow robes. No glitter, no funeral black, but a fine and fit simplicity all through the services. The few faint words of the departing saint had a marked power and tenderness, deeply impressing all, and that impress fully shared by the Buddhist king and the Christian woman by his side.

Madame Leonowens closed by saying: "I bowed before such 'beauty of holiness,' a life so useful, a faith so divine; and yet asked: 'How can it be possible?'"

So passed to a celestial life a Buddhist high priest, whom bigots, called Christians, would send to hell!

Other instances could be cited, showing a kinship within us with the Supreme Spirit wider than all sects, and made more beautiful by fidelity and usefulness.

"Whom the gods would destroy they

first make mad," is a wise old saying.

Try to preach an old lie so as to make it seem true, and at last lie and truth go down together. Witness this testimony against it by a strong man:

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher left the Association of Congregational Ministers on account of what he called "the inhumanities of their creed." In one of his talks he is reported to have said: "The vast millions of the human race have gone where? If you tell me they have gone to hell, then I swear by the Lord Jesus Christ that you will make an infidel of me. The doctrine that God has been for thousands of years peopling this earth with human beings, during a period three-fourths of which was not illuminated by an altar or a church, and in places where a vast population of those people are yet without that light is to transform the Almighty into a monster more hideous than Satan himself, and I swear by all that is sacred that I will never worship Satan, though he should appear dressed in royal robes and seated on the throne of Jehovah. Men may say, 'You will not go to heaven.' A heaven presided over by such a demon as that, who has been peopling this world with millions of human beings, and then sweeping them off into hell, not like dead flies, but without the trouble even to kill them, and gloating and laughing over their eternal misery, is not such a heaven as I want to go to. The doctrine is too horrible. I can not believe it, and I won't. I abhor and denounce it as the most hideous nightmare of theology."

About half the evangelical clergy are trying to make themselves believe that they do believe it. So their sermons are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," out of which comes no spiritual life or strength.

Poor preachers, keeping the people poor.

#### PARAGRAPHS SELECTED AT RANDOM FROM DR. PEEBLES NEW BOOK — "DEATH DEFEATED OR THE PSYCHIC SECRET OF HOW TO KEEP YOUNG."

You are well today, reader, are you? "Yes."

Not an ache nor a pain? "Not one." Your health is perfect? "It certainly is, so far as I can judge."

Then were you to keep your health up to this present high standard, your body would not die, would it? "I do not see why it should." Neither do I. —Page 7.

HERODOTUS, 484-425 B. C.

Twenty centuries and more have worn away under the corroding tooth of time since Herodotus walked the streets of proud, imperial Athens, and yet his fame has increased till his history is now read in over a hundred different languages. Aspiring youth, thoughtful academicians and savants alike, unite in honoring his name.

He abhorred the killing of the innocent, grazing herds, abhorred the bloody sacrifices seen about the temples, and still more did he abhor the eating of the flesh sacrificed to the gods. "Why cause suffering," said he, "to these inferior and innocent orders of being, and why take the life that only the gods could give; and why eat flesh, yet dripping with innocent blood? Do not the oracles condemn it? Do they not advise lentils, and grains and fruits that ripen in the sun?" —Pages 19-21.

"Upon reviewing nearly two thousand well-authenticated cases of persons who lived more than a century, we generally find some peculiarity of diet or habit to account for their longevity; we find some living in the most

abject poverty, begging their bread. Some lived entirely upon fruits and vegetables; some led active lives, others sedentary and retired lives; some worked with their brains, others with their hands.—Page 90.

It will be observed that in all these cases of great longevity that we have mentioned, the individuals lived orderly and abstemiously, rigidly avoiding late hours, excitements, tobacco and alcoholic stimulants. That some few people have lived a century who used stimulants is admitted; but they lived the century in spite of them rather than because of them.—Page 93.

Low beds, however fashionable, are an abomination. More people die of airtight apartments than from cheap, unchinked log cabins in new countries. In building a mansion or fitting up a common house for the family, put down one or more open fireplaces as among the chief blessings. Make it generous and old-fashioned, for the burning of wood. How healthy and how social, too, for the family group to sit around it in the long winter evenings. If open wood fires are impossible, then use open coal grates—Page 97.

In coming out of a warm hall or crowded lecture room, put a handkerchief or muffler over the mouth and breathe through the nostrils. Such breathing tempers and modifies the atmosphere.

Snoring is a disagreeable and unnecessary vice. It may be avoided by breathing through the nostrils and keeping the mouth shut. Many people would do well to keep their mouths shut more by day than they do. Great talkers are rarely deep thinkers.—Page 99.

Don't go to sleep lying upon the back. Who ever saw the weary herds or proud horses fall asleep upon their backs, with their feet up in the air, gyrating around loosely? They naturally drop to sleep lying upon their sides or stomach. I observed during my journeyings in Asia and Africa that the natives nearly always slept upon the stomach. Go to sleep, then, lying upon the right side, for the reason that while the right lung has three lobes, the left has but two, and the lower portion of the heart being more upon the left side, it has greater freedom of action than it could possibly have if the weight of the right lung were pressing upon it.—Page 105.

Pepper, mustard, curry powder and like fiery substances are not food, but irritant poisons. Things that blister the tough outer skin, are surely hurtful to the delicate internal organs. It may be said that we take very little of them, yet the amount is large consumed in a year. They rank not only among the causes of indigestion, but of neuralgia and congestion.

Vinegar is a vile fluid, swarming with germs and wriggling creatures; and even salt should be used in moderation, if at all. It is a mineral, and non-nourishing.—Page 117.

Many diseases come from ill-timed thoughts and erroneous beliefs. Calvinism produces biliousness, worrying, anxiety, envies, jealousy; suspicions and fears wrinkle the face and reveal themselves in bodily disease. The mental picture in the mind affects the body. The person who fears cancer is apt to have one. Thoughts are ethereal, spiritualized forces—substances, and though more subtle than blows, they are also more dangerous.—Page 139.

On the 13th of September, 1893, a single cow, of the "Improved Short-horn breed," was sold near Utica, N. Y., for \$40,600, and 15 calves and cows of the choicest breeds sold for \$260,000. What would be the result if the same attention and study were devoted

to the development of a better, higher breed of men?

But, alas! Those old times are fast fading behind the horizon of the past. The ideal man, nowadays, is the man who makes money, who frequents club rooms, dresses in fine broadcloth and goes a-yachting—"a society man."

The ideal woman is sweet, gentle, sickly and waxy. She dresses in fashion, reads novels, visits the seashore, plays pedro and burdens herself with costly precious stones, thus exhibiting her vanity, and exciting the envy of those who are silly enough to wish they had them!

But what has this to do with living long on earth? Why, just this: Lives so external and abnormal, lives devoted to feasting, fashion, greed and showy worldliness, like frail, flickering lamplights, soon expire.—Page 161.

No woman should remain maritally allied for a day to a "blue beard" or a syphilitic sot. Such marriage alliances are unholy. They are festering sores on the body politic. They replenish the earth with imbeciles, thieves and murderers. And no young lady should give her heart and hand to a young man addicted to midnight carousals, club-room gambling, or to a liquor-drinking, trifling tobacco-monger, with the hope and expectation of reforming him. Insist that he reforms before marriage and keep him on probation from five to seven years. This will test his sincerity, integrity and courage.—Page 171.

Goethe said to himself: "From my father I inherit my frame, and from dear mother my happy disposition, my poetry and my love-nature."

From the same pile of bricks the master-builder makes the palace and the pavement; so from the same organic elements, auras and impressions are made philosophers, angel or demon. And while the mother is the major architect, the husband imparts the magnetism by the law of radiation.—Page 183.

The Five steps to immortality upon earth are these:

1. A healthy ancestry and right conception.
2. Born rightly in the right months of the year.
3. Educated rightly in the physical, mental and spiritual laws of life.
4. Eating, drinking, toiling and sleeping rightly.
5. Thinking rightly, willing rightly and doing rightly in the way of supplies for body-building. And further, thinking and willing rightly, actualized in manifestation, implies an equal balance of the acids and the alkalies of the secretions and excretions, of the chemical disintegrating forces and of the higher, finer vitalizing up-building forces.

Mortality, then, becomes an event, which, when reduced to the last analysis, is simply a matter of knowledge or ignorance, folly or wisdom—Pages 202 and 203.

Whatever said to the contrary, marriage on the material plane of being is both desirable and honorable. It is the preliminary step toward co-operation. The family forms the soul's first altar. Here the fires of sympathy and self-sacrifice and abiding trust should perpetually burn. Here should center the heart's warmest and tenderest attractions—a symbol of that higher regenerate family home—home of equality and purity, where kindness is the law, self-sacrifice is worship, and love is as pure, tender and abiding as it is universal. In this home there is no death, no crape, no caskets.

Just from the press. Sold at the Light of Truth office. Price, \$1.

Send for sample copy of our Song Sheet; 5 cents, postpaid.



MISCELLANEOUS.

FRIENDSHIP.

By Josephine E. Stevens.

"Into life's bitter cup true friendship drops  
Balsamic sweets to overpower the gall;  
True friends, like ivy and the wall it props,  
Both stand together or together fall!"  
"There is little friendship in the world!"

"There can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity!"

How like the rarest jewel of earth, came a "true friendship" to me, which has "overpowered" the gall in life's bitter cup."

And as friends, we shall both stand or together fall! Pure friendship is what? A force in nature, a power which overpowers all obstacles in the pathway of friends, bringing light mid the darkness, banishing gloom! By said "overpowering" does not mean that it sweeps away all cares and trials from us, but that it plants within the heart a hope, a strength that makes it possible to endure all that's required, with a better grace, a firmer will, because of the knowledge of the true friendship we possess and share in its noble purity.

How oft, mid the hours of bitter sorrow, was the wail from the broken heart called out, oh, for one friend! Only one, tried and true, to help "overpower" this trial. Human hearts need sympathy. No matter how strong and forceful the nature, they crave and must have the love and sympathy—when they need it! Well enough for those who have never been tried or tempted—those who have lived in "sunshine" always, to say, "I can stand alone! I ask no one's help." Ah? Wait until you need, then will your cry echo the loudest, perhaps, for help, love and sympathy! Not always "the friends of our youth," nor yet those at our own hearthstone, are the truest to our greatest need. Too often the selfish motives creep in, and we serve self at the expense of the friend that we think we own. Who are our friends? Friends we are so called, many times, from a social, political or policy motive.

"Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship new is neither strong nor pure!" Prove all and hold fast to the good when found.

As I analyze the meaning of friend, I find "friendship" in the spirit of a flower. Its silent voice, unuttered sympathy, touches a chord in my nature that vibrates in purest harmony for there can be no discordant sound nor thought. I never am so unhappy but that a walk and talk with my flower friends would dispel the gloom, sending my thoughts into higher, brighter channels, bringing to me, if not absolute joy, a refined, peaceful influence! Birds are my friends; they understand me somewhat, and trust me. I love them! Books are good friends in a way. I say in a way, because the writer may or may not be in harmony with my ideas. While I admire much that I read, still to me comes the influence of the writer's nature. Especially so, if his or her picture accompanies the book. If not favorable, the merit of the book is spoiled for me, for it's not in accord with its assumed goodness!

I think the best "friendships" to desire from books are the parts that we can utilize for our own improvement.

To the degree of its saving influence to us is a book our friend!

Not the friend who "sugar-coats" our errors, but the one that unveils them and points to us the way to overcome and correct them is the friend! Somehow I find the greatest companionship in the realms of thought. To recall the beautiful thoughts that have been my solace in solitude, but have winged their way into the beyond, there recorded for my future reading in memory's book! That which seems lost is garnered like golden grain.

In full fruition, our whole life's gain. The friendship that ennobles and elevates your life is the one to trust and stand by! They who claim to be your friends, but will cruelly ill-treat you upon suspicion alone, are the ones to be shown mercy and kindness to; thus hoping to win them to nobler aims in life.

Where can there be friendship without confidence, or confidence void of integrity? Friendship is one of the most sacred relationships to own; 'tis pure heart-trust alone!

"Celestial Happiness, when'er she stoops  
To visit Earth, one shrine the goddess finds,  
And one alone to make her sweet amends  
For absent Heaven—the bosom of a friend!"

JOSEPHINE E. STEVENS.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

I wish to thank Brother Peebles for his aphoristic article on "The Judgment Day." It is full of truth and beauty, and expresses so many fundamental truths in so little compass that I can not refrain from admiring it.

"Material nature is devoid of both sympathy and love." How true. Sympathy and love are attributes of finite beings and could not belong to infinities. They are the foundation of all moral ethics, and therefore morality concerns finite beings only. The sequel of this argument is that a finite being could not offend an infinite being. No more than a finite being could do something to interfere with time, space or the law of cause and effect.

"Conscience is judge; reason is judge; truth is judge. Before these august tribunals mortals stand each day; each hour; approved or condemned." Sublime apothegms. Axioms that should be stereotyped upon the tablets of every living human soul.

Conscience, reason, truth, the only triumvirate of judges who could determine the cause with justice and equity, and whose decrees could not be reversed, set aside, or annulled. Whose judgments are imminent, and their execution certain.

In comparison with this how vile and unreasonable is the vicarious atonement of Christian theology. Who would so demean themselves as to have another bare their back and receive the lashes that they feel justly belong to their own? Out upon such self-degradation, such degrading literature! Where is manhood that it dare preach it?

"Memory is the undying worm." The unhealing wound that may eventually be closed up by the salve of sympathy and love applied to others who have like wounds, when by the great law of that correlation of forces the wound becomes cicatrized.

Thank you, Brother Peebles, for all these aphorisms, this "urim and thummim" (light and perfection); this multum in parvo. And we thank you, Brother Hull, that we have such able journals as the Light of Truth to scatter the glorious doctrines to the peoples of the earth.

B. F. SLITER.

Send for sample copy of our Song Sheet; 5 cents, postpaid.

CHRIST WAS ASLEEP.

By Henry Wood.

And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow; and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?—Mark iv. 38.

That part of the sea of human life which lies within the latitude of the intermediate or psychic zone is subject to sweeping storms and tempests. During the long and adventurous voyage of the soul's spiritual unfoldment, the craft is freighted with a miscellaneous cargo of varying and untold value, while the sailing-master in charge has not fully mastered the science of navigation. In the subjective hold are stored a variety of earthy forces, untamed emotions, wild passions, experimental and unsymmetrical imaginations and impulses.

The voyage begins well. There are many days when the weather is calm, the sky serene, the sunshine bright, and the surface of the great deep glassy and unbroken. During the dreamy days of spring and summer there are periods when the zephyrs hardly raise a ripple. The sails are lightly filled and the course lazily followed. Everything goes smoothly. But suddenly, at the close of a long summer afternoon, heavy clouds roll up around the horizon, the lightning flashes, and peals of thunder break the stillness of the atmosphere. Now the wind howls through the shrouds, the angry waves threaten, and the crew is seized with the utmost alarm. There is a hurrying to and fro. The craft pitches and rolls violently, and the cargo shifts and sets up a corresponding commotion. The ship's timbers creak and groan, and there is imminent danger of sinking. All on board are affrighted, and as a last resort the cry is heard, "Awaken the Christ!" Ever since the voyage had begun, he had been comfortably sleeping upon a "pillow." So far only the psychic faculties have manned the yards, shifted the sails, set the compass and handled the rudder.

The noble vessel now seems likely to sink. The spiritual ego is prostrate, unconscious, and out of sight. Call him on deck! He can only rebuke the soul's tempest. It is now his office to command the winds, and to cry with authority, "Peace; be still!"

The storm had been invited. But for its appearance the divine Self would have remained latent and undiscovered. The Christ, or spiritual Ego, was hardly known to have been on board, or if so he had been forgotten. As an actual passenger he had not been visible, and as a commander no need of him had previously been felt.

The Christ of the Jesus of nineteen hundred years ago is present, even though quiescent, in the deep background of every soul today. He is no mere historic character or supernatural visitant from a far-away heaven, but the normal and present divinity, always and every day "on board." He is waiting to be awakened. Bless the psychic storm that alarms the crew, for nothing less than its buffeting would have served the purpose. The tempest was neither evil nor in vain.

Put the divine Ego in command and let him remain on deck. Then, though the winds shriek and the billows surge mountain high, there will come a great calm. In spite of the stress of physical tempest, the soul-craft will triumphantly ride the waves and in due time reach the desired haven.—Mind.

The Twentieth century problem is still a burning question. Editors are using them to start fires with on chilly mornings.

ON WRONG INFERENCES.

I once read in Light of Truth: "If you have a thought, give it to the world." Here is a thought which may be new to those who denounce the God of the Old Testament. Perhaps it was not God who dictated the law of Moses. He was the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, had superior advantages, was ambitious, and at last developed clairaudience, while watching his father-in-law's flocks. God did not write on the tables of stone, "Thou shalt not kill," and then say, "Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor." Exodus, 32-27.

The "meekest man on earth" was mad. He wanted to make the people fear him, and he succeeded. He made laws, and prefaced them with "Thus saith the Lord," and attached death penalties, violating the command "Thou shalt not kill." But God was the same loving Father then as he is today. But says one, why does he allow so much wickedness? Read what Jesus said about the wheat and the tares. Jesus was not crucified as an atonement for sin. His teaching interfered with the priests. He came to establish the kingdom "In their hearts and in their minds," with a "new commandment," and suffered that most cruel death in consequence.

MRS. LOUISA SIGNOR.

The ministers of this religion of humanity are to be found in every station and place of human life wherever hearts respond to hearts, hands reach out to clasp other hands, or minds aspire to the realm of infinite truth and light. The humane physician, the conscientious editor, the inspired thinker, the painstaking teacher, and the earnest and sincere of all classes are those who exemplify its principles and carry its banner forward to that glad day when all men will be one brotherhood.—Star of the Magi.

MEAT OR CEREALS.

A Question of Interest to All Careful Persons.

The arguments on food are interesting. Many persons adopt a vegetarian diet on the ground that they do not like to feel that life has been taken to feed them, nor do they fancy the thought of eating dead meat.

On the other hand, too great consumption of partly cooked, starchy oats and wheat, or bread, pastry, etc., produces serious bowel troubles, because the bowel digestive organs, (where starch should be digested), are overtaxed and the food ferments, producing gas, and microbes generate in the decayed food, frequently bringing on peritonitis and appendicitis.

Starchy food is absolutely essential to the human body. Its best form is shown in the food "Grape-Nuts," where the starch is changed into grape sugar during the process of its manufacture. In this way, the required food is presented to the system in a pre-digested form and is immediately made into blood and tissue, without taxing the digestive organs.

A remarkable result in nourishment is gained; the person using Grape-Nuts gains quickly in physical and mental strength. Why in mental? Because the food contains delicate particles of Phosphate of Potash obtained from the grains. This unites with the albumen of all foods and the combination is what nature uses to rebuild worn out cells in the brain. This is a scientific fact that can be easily proven by ten days' use of Grape-Nuts. Never eat beyond three or four heaping teaspoonfuls at a meal.—Adv.



## CHRISTIANITY IS DECLINING.

By Felix Adler.

In the light of the new astronomy our earth has dwindled. We have learned that we live on the outer shell of a little globe which is but a mere speck of dust amid the infinities, not, as we formerly supposed, the center of the universe. We pigmies dwell in a few sheltered nooks of this outer shell of the earth. A little too much heat or a little too much cold and we perish. Underneath our feet still blaze the eternal fires that were kindled when this earth lay on the bosom of its parent sun. Above our heads we can see the unending array of young worlds and old worlds and dead worlds.

This new conception of the earth does not logically contradict the old dogmatic beliefs, but creates an attitude of mind unfavorable to them.

For instance, the orthodox doctrine of a redeemer rests upon the assumption that a man must be perfectly good in order to be acceptable to his maker. This doctrine implies that a man is either altogether good or not good at all. It is plainly contrary to the modern idea of development, which teaches that the impossible is not required of us. Absolute perfection is unattainable, but we know that the road to perfection lies open and that if we would be men in the highest sense we must travel it.

The early Christians knew that no human being could be perfectly good, and yet they believed that perfection was required of them. Hence a redeemer who could impart to them his goodness was necessary. With the wider outlook we have today we see that such a miraculous intervention is not needed. Our idea of perfection has been modified by the discovery of the laws of human development. Just as we perceive that it is nearer to the truth to believe in a boundless instead of a narrow world, so also we accept the idea of progress and character and culture. In short a new temper of mind has been created, which is unfavorable to the acceptance of the old dogmas.

Many are unable from sentimental reasons to give up the old beliefs, even though they have accepted the new teaching of astronomy and biology. Others draw a curtain over the dogmas and declare that action is more important than belief.

But in the latter case the dogmas are only kept in the background, not abandoned. Again, the ministers of too many churches take their ideas of good from the mere surface of things. They preach socialism today and imperialism tomorrow. In fact, the pulpit tends to become in too many cases just the echo of the newspaper.

We are told by Dr. Briggs that the great aim is to reconcile science and religion. But is this readjustment possible to religion as traditionally delivered?

What we must have is a clear, rational basis for our goodness. It is not true that the deed is independent of the creed. Every false idea we hold materially affects our conduct.

We must constantly be prepared to receive new ideas and entertain new outlooks. The contribution which Jesus made to the moral teachings of the world is invaluable, but it is not final. There is room on the ethical tree for a higher branch.

We can not get sufficient help in our political or conjugal or industrial duties from the teachings of the New Testament. The doctrine of brotherly love in the abstract is not enough. The whole social problem is how to properly apply the principles of brotherhood. How shall love express itself? That is the crucial question.

## THE COLUMBUS CONVENTION.

Secretary's Office,  
Ohio Spiritualist Association,  
406 Electric Building,  
Cleveland, O., April 28, 1900.

To All Spiritualists of Ohio, Greeting:

The regular annual convention of the Ohio Spiritualists' association will be held Wednesday and Thursday, May 24 and 25, in Masonic Cathedral hall, on South Third street, between Town and Rich streets, in the city of Columbus, O.

There will be both forenoon and afternoon sessions each day for the business of the convention, and in the evenings the platform will be occupied by speakers and test mediums of national prominence.

The state association will draw no technical lines in admitting delegates, but urgently invites every Spiritualist society in the state, whether holding a subordinate charter or not, to send as many delegates as possible to this convention, and it is hoped that at least one delegate may be present from every society in the state. At this particular time there is much of vital importance to the cause that demands serious consideration, and every earnest worker in the state is invited to participate in the deliberations of this convention. Come one, come all, and let us reason together.

E. W. BOND, President.

Attest: C. B. GOULD, Secy.

## VERIFICATION.

Editor Light of Truth: In a recent number of your best of papers Dr. Benton gave the messages that the spirit guides sent to me. I do not know as I can make a test of them, as the reader will have noticed they refer to the future, and it will take time to verify them. But some points were particularly noticeable. One message read, "To Rose Evangeline, the Blessed." Now a curious point is that my son has always called me by the pet name "Bless-ed," with the accent on the last syllable, since his baby days, and still calls me so. The message was signed "Mary," and although I do not know who "Mary" is, yet she has come to me through the mediumship of many different persons.

On my card I did not ask but one question, which was: "When will the next change come to me," and the answer was given "in six months." One message was written partly in red and partly in blue pencil, and finished by pen and ink.

I saw a very excellent "test" from Dr. Benton recently. A lady sent her card in an envelope sealed with wax. It was returned with the seal perfect, and the answer, printed in Light of Truth, was such as only the person addressed on that sealed card could have given. It would have convinced the most skeptical.—Rose E. Angel.

## THE NEW COLUMBUS CAMP GROUND.

The Columbus, Ohio, Liberal Spiritual Camp association is located eight miles north of Columbus, at Worthington Park, where they now control the 30 acres of beautiful grove land known as Worthington Park, situated one-half mile east of the picturesque village of Worthington, first settled in 1802. The Cleveland division of the Big Four and the Columbus, Sandusky and Hocking railways have depots at the park grounds. The Worthington, Clintonville and Columbus street railway stops within five minutes' walk of the park. Columbus city street railways connect with the W., C. and C. electric railway. The camp meeting will begin July 1 and close August 27.

## OUR GREAT COMBINATION OFFER

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Our readers are too well acquainted with the Light of Truth to need any descriptive word in regard to the favorite weekly. But for our friends who are not yet acquainted with The Coming Age we give the following:

## THE COMING AGE,

Though only a year old, this review has forced its way to the very fore front of the great magazines of progressive and constructive thought in the English-speaking world. It employs the greatest thinkers of the age, but it is in no sense dry, heavy or pedantic. On the contrary, from cover to cover it is bright, inspiring, constructive and entertaining.

## POPULAR FEATURES.

The Coming Age for this year will contain a strong serial story by Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, entitled "Two Hearts for One." It began in the January number and will continue through the year. The time of the story is during our great civil war. It is a romance of life and love, very strong and quite dramatic.

Short stories and sketches of the lives of the earth's great men and women and studies of great books will also be monthly features of The Coming Age. The department of Authentic Dreams and Visions will receive special attention, as also will the department of Health Through Rational Living. Conversations with leading thinkers, preceded by popular editorial sketches, portraits of leading men and women. The department of Books of the Day and editorials will go to make this magazine in the best sense of the word popular, and with the great original essays appearing each month will contribute to the broad culture of its readers and render it indispensable to all thinking people who wish to be in touch with the best thought of the time.

In their prospectus for the ensuing year the publishers state that it is their purpose to make The Coming Age brighter, stronger and better than it has been during the past year, and this, to our readers, who are acquainted with the magazine, is promising much. They say that they propose to make this magazine a library of bright interest and virile thought, which shall appeal to every member of the home circle and prove indispensable to those who wish to keep abreast with the best ideas of the wonderful incoming age.

LIGHT OF TRUTH PUBLISHING CO., Columbus, O.

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Grounds will be opened June 29 and 30 for campers to choose locations.

LIGHT AND SHADOWS OF LIFE—Or the Story of a Southern Home. A. K. Railson. \$1.50.

Read "The Commandments Analyzed," by W. H. Bach. For sale here. Price 25 cents.

A TALE OF A HALO—(Illustrated)—By Morgan A. Robertson. 50 cents.





## SAYINGS AND DOINGS

\*\*\* OF \*\*\*

### Rev. Dr. Talkwell,

\*\*\*\*\*

BY C. S. CARR, M. D., Columbus, Ohio, \*\*\*\*

## JESUS SAID:

"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet he shall live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this."

As Dr. Talkwell rose last Sunday morning to make his regular report to the large congregation assembled he said:

I have here some questions which relate to the same subject. I will read them.

What theory of future life did Jesus teach? Where are the spirits of our friends who have died? Are they near or far away? What are they doing? Can they affect our lives for good or ill? Can we know of their presence? Did Jesus say anything that throws any light on this subject?

If I had been asked any one of these questions during the first fifteen years of my career I should have been obliged to answer them all alike. My answer would have been, "I do not know." Notwithstanding the fact that I was a graduate of a leading theological seminary, I knew absolutely nothing about such subjects. As to the condition or whereabouts of the dead, I was a complete agnostic. I was not at all peculiar in this. Neither my teachers nor text books pretended to teach anything on these subjects. Only the vaguest, most unsatisfactory generalities are to be found in the literature of modern theology on the future life.

In the days of our fathers the funeral was a great occasion. The glories of heaven and the gloom of hell were pictured in startling realism. But this has all passed. The modern preacher knows little of heaven, and cares little for hell. The funeral sermon, ex-

cept in social cases, is a bug-bear to the preacher and a tiresome ordeal to the people. The wishy-washy uncertainty of the present funeral sermon is no more satisfactory than the gruesome detail—certainty of the past. Neither has the faintest resemblance to the simple and inspiring assurance of the Master's work.

With Jesus, the word of departed spirits was near by and real. He was in constant touch with the unseen world of spirits. On nearly every page of the gospel we find him either contending with evil spirits or communing with good spirits. A bad spirit sought to overcome him in the very beginning of his ministry. He resisted the temptation of the evil spirit and immediately good spirits ministered unto him. He talked with the evil spirits that plagued the people. He cast out the evil spirits and caused them to depart. He talked with the spirits of Moses and Elias, who had been dead many hundred years. This conversation was conducted in the presence of Peter, John and James, who saw and heard all. An angel appeared to him to comfort him the day before his execution. At the time of his arrest one of his disciples attempted to defend him, Jesus rebuked him, saying: "Put up the sword \* \* \* thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my father and he shall give me more than twelve legions of angels?"

All the time he seemed to be in conscious relation to the unseen world of spirits. It was no guess work, no theory. He did not seek to prove the reality of such things by argument, but by daily demonstration.

In regard to his own death he spoke plainly, leaving no doubt or uncertainty. He told them that he must soon leave them. That pious bigotry and ecclesiastical hatred was about to do its worst. But they cannot separate us. If they kill me it will only be your

gain. I will be with you in spirit form. I will never leave you. I can be much more to you in the spirit than in the flesh. In my body I am subject to the limitations of the body, the infirmities of the body, the misunderstandings of the body. But in the spirit I will be able to rise above all these and lead you into all truth. "It is expedient for you that I go away."

Surely these were very comforting words. Jesus was certainly not an agnostic on the subject of future life. What a contrast to the evasive verbosity of the orthodox faith of today. It is the belief that Jesus is today fulfilling his promises—that he is in the world, teaching, comforting and defending, which gives the Christian religion its chief attraction and vitality. Take away the belief in the personal presence of Jesus, and the Christian faith would not live a century. Jesus did not die; he lives. Jesus did not go away; he is here. The second coming of Jesus is not a future hope, but a present fact.

This hasty sketch very inadequately represents what Jesus believed and taught about the future life. It is a refreshing, living faith in the present realities of eternal life. No vagaries to vex, or doubts to plague, or mysteries to stultify. Absolutely unlike the horrors of the old theology and the uncertainties of the "new theology." And since I have come to accept the teachings of Jesus literally, and regard him as my elder brother, I believe that exactly what happened to him will also happen to those that believe in him. There is no death for those that believe what Jesus taught.

When Lazarus died and his sisters sought Jesus for comfort in their bereavement, Jesus said: "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." This is literally true. Anyone who believes what Jesus taught concerning the spirit world shall never die. It is not dying to step out of this body into a larger and a more useful relation to human activities. Each liberated spirit takes up the work of life with a renewed vigor and quickened insight. If we only believed what Jesus taught there would be no death. Every parent confronting that change we call death could say to his family, as Jesus did to his disciples: "It is expedient for you that I go. I can be much nearer to you in the spirit form than in the body." If we only believed this it would be so in all of its blessed reality. The bereaved parents, stand-

ing beside the early grave of a child, need not feel that an awful distance or a fearful mystery separated them from their loved one. The child would be to them a ministering angel, adding richness and beauty to their lives.

You ask me, where are the spirits of our friends who have died? Are they near or far away? What are they doing? Can they affect our lives for good or ill? Can we know of their presence? Let me ask you some questions. Where is the spirit of Jesus who was crucified nineteen hundred years ago? Is Jesus near by, or far away? What is he doing? Can he affect our lives for good or ill? Can we know of his presence?

Now whatever answers you make to my questions ought to be the answer you make to your own questions. Your friends are where Jesus is, doing what he is doing, and you can be conscious of their presence as you can be conscious of his presence. This is exactly what he tried to teach his disciples.

But some will say, I do not recognize the presence of my departed friends about me. Very likely not, for you do not believe in their presence. There are those who say they do not recognize the presence of Jesus. This does not prove anything except that such people are unbelievers. Jesus did not say that whosoever liveth shall never die, but he did say whosoever liveth, and believeth, shall never die. The consolation and helpfulness that comes from the presence of departed friends are only for those who believe. Our spirit friends, like Jesus, are only able to help those who believe and co-operate with him in their efforts. If we believe that they live, they are alive. If we believe they are dead and buried to us, they are the same as if they were really dead and buried. Our belief shuts out from us the light and joy of their presence. But, like Jesus, they are there, waiting and hoping for our recognition of their presence. Like Jesus, they are trying to reveal themselves to us, but we shut them out with our unbelief.

Potentially, Jesus is with every man and woman on earth, but practically he is with those only who believe on him. The same is true of our spirit friends. When Jesus said: "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world," he left a legacy that the whole world may avail itself of, but as a matter of fact only those who know and believe it derive the profit that Jesus intended when he uttered the words.

## THE EASE WITH WHICH WE MARRY.

Edward Bok, Editorial in April Ladies' Home Journal.

Marriage is by far too easy of accomplishment in America, and the sooner we, as a people, realize this grave fact the better. The looseness with which the marriage relation may be established is, in fact, amazing, and few people, even of those who think, realize the extent of the laxity of our marriage laws. We have been cherishing in America, for a number of years, a pet theory that no impediment to marriage must be erected, and the wave of popular sentiment which invariably rises against any law or statute which would seek to regulate marriages shows how deep-rooted is this feeling. This sentiment rests on the belief that a nation is strong just in proportion as its people can, with perfect freedom, choose their life companions, set up firesides and contribute to the family life of the country. This reasoning is sound enough, and no one will attempt to dispute it.

But like many another reasoning that is sound enough theoretically, it is capable of being carried too far. And we have carried it too far; altogether too far.

As it is now, any one can marry anybody in this country. If two people haven't fifty cents to pay the minister, still they can marry. As a matter of fact, the minister has become an unnecessary factor, and so has the civil magistrate. In some of our states all that is necessary is the mere introduction of a woman by a man as his wife, in the presence of a third party, to create a binding and a legal marriage. Or, simpler still, a man and a woman passing under the same name for a brief period of time have been legally adjudged man and wife. It is an open-door policy of the gravest kind that we are countenancing here in America, and the results are of the most demoralizing character. We are putting a premium on marriages of impulse, elopements and foolish wedlock of all sorts. And then when our newspapers teem with stories of unhappy homes we are saddened and shocked. We make immorality pos-

sible—offer a direct incentive to it, in fact, and then wonder why men and women do not live pure lives. We have made marriage, or what passes as marriages, so easy, that it is not by any means a rare occurrence for a woman who has supposed herself to be legally married after having brought up a family of children, to awaken some morning only to find that she has not been married at all. In fact, the ease with which marriages are consummated in America has become nothing short of loose license. We say our girls are foolish: we call our young men callous and brutal. But who makes their conduct possible? Where lies the real root of the unhappiness and ruin that are brought to so many lives?

Every once in a while we have perfect hemorrhages of righteous indignation upon the subject of divorce. We say divorce must stop, or that there must be no divorce. But wouldn't it be a bit better if we let this subject alone for a while and concerned ourselves somewhat with the evil which leads to divorce? The fact of the matter is that there is a notion,

which is altogether wrong, that divorce is easy in this country. Divorce is not easy. The merest study of divorce laws will demonstrate this to any one. The truth is, if more people clearly realized the difficulty of divorce in this country, if they had a correct appreciation of the expense of securing a legal divorce, the time consumed, the difficulties in the way and the publicity incidental to it, they would not waste so much indignation over what is called the "easy divorce laws" of America. "Easy divorce," as a matter of fact, solely exists in the fraudulent advertisements which are allowed to be spread broadcast throughout this country in the columns of periodicals without principles. Instead of condemning our divorce laws, I think that if more young people were required to read those laws, and know them by heart before they married, there would be fewer hasty marriages. I am far from saying that our divorce laws are what they should be. But it is a senseless thing to make those laws more stringent while we allow our marriage laws to be as loose as they are. It is criminal law-making



that would seek to tighten a back door while leaving wide open the front door.

Let those who cannot see any farther than the revision of present divorce laws ask themselves this question: Is it fair to allow foolish, inexperienced girls to be led into what they believe to be a fairy palace, and then, when they find it to be a prison—yes and worse, a positive suburb to the infernal regions—to refuse to let them out, if they can get out? Is that merciful? Is that just? Would we not come closer to the common sense of this whole question if, before we go any further in this campaign against divorce we turn back and tighten the door which leads to it? Divorce is not so easy but that we can afford to leave it precisely where it is for the time being. It isn't a particle easier than it should be, so long as we allow marriage to be as loose as it is. Divorce is simply a confession of failure. Where the need of reform is, is to prevent, so far as we can, the causes which make that failure easy and more likely. The solution of the divorce question lies in making marriage more difficult. If the state has a right to say whether or not a man and wife shall separate, it should likewise have something to say as to whether a man and woman shall become man and wife.

The nearest we come to-day in America to any regulation of the marriage law is in those states where a marriage license is necessary before the nuptials can be solemnized. But of what earthly use is such a protection so long as any couple can cross a ferry into an adjacent state, waken up a minister or magistrate in the middle of the night, and for 50 cents, or less, be made man and wife? Or, in some states, even without that much ceremony! The thing we have got to come to, or go back to, in this country, is the old-fashioned custom of publicly "posting" an intention to marry. There are some old-fashioned notions that were pretty good, much as we like to coddle ourselves with the idea that some of our more modern and up-to-date ideas are killingly clever. And this precaution which our forebears had of giving 30 days' public notice of an intention of marriage, proclaimed from the pulpit and posted at the public hall, was born of wisdom and rested on a sound foundation. The pity is that we ever got away from it. I do not say that a return to this old custom of the proclamation of marriages would be the panacea for all marital evils. But it absolutely would do away with all the run-away marriages, sentimental elopements and the life compacts born of a single moon light night, from which results so much unhappiness to our girls, and which have brought, and will continue to bring, so much humiliation and disgrace upon parents and families. It is a significant fact that in those European countries where intention of marriage must be publicly proclaimed a fortnight or a month previous to the actual ceremony, and where the additional precaution of a civil marriage is added to the religious ceremony, divorce is hardly known.

The vast majority of unhappy marriages are born of sudden impulses. Girls rush headlong into marriages which, if they had stopped for a few hours, or even an hour, to consider, would never have been solemnized. It isn't that our girls who make foolish marriages are criminal or inherently wicked. They are simply thoughtless. They do not take time to think. The warm blood of youth courses very quickly. No girl deliberately runs her head into a noose, although appearances often give that impression.

Thousands of girls have no idea what marriage means. To many of them it is a joke; a lark; a condition in which they will be envied. The awakening soon comes. Then the state steps in. But it is too late. To such girls a law which would compel them to take time for thought would be an immeasurable blessing. Such a law would place marriage on its right and natural basis; a condition to be entered into only after due thought. When a girl has to live with a man for a life time, which usually means a goodly number of years, it is not too much to ask that she shall take a fortnight or a month to make up her mind. And if she will not take that time herself, then it is perfectly proper, in the girl's own interests and for the defense of the integrity of the family, that the state should come in and compel her to do so. At the very least, surely the state is entitled to the prerogative of demanding that there shall be a definite basis, susceptible of proof, for the establishment of each marital union—a condition which does not exist as things are now. The simple fact is, that hundreds of marriages in America today could not be proved in a court of law.

Consider for a moment just how necessary is some safeguard to the present conditions of easy marriage. So far as there is any record, there were over 10,000 run-away marriages in America during 1899. Statistics showed only these. It is not too much to say that the concealed cases would double the number. Of course, all run-away marriages do not necessarily end unhappily, but experience has shown that the vast majority do. There were over nine hundred cases of secret marriages where, sometimes for months, the parents and friends of neither party knew of the nuptials. To the courts of one city alone there appealed more than two hundred heartbroken women who had believed themselves married and had found they were not.

Should it be possible in our country, or in any other, for a foolish girl to be able to elope with her fiance's best man just two hours previous to the time set for her wedding, as happened only recently in one of our most intelligent communities?

Should there not be a law which would, in a measure at least, prevent the possibility of over eight thousand wives discovering in one single year that they were not the only living wives of their husbands?

Should it be possible for one man to openly boast, when run to earth, as did a certain disgrace to the masculine sex recently, that he had married sixteen different women in less than five years?

It is upon women that the absence of some safeguard to easy marriage falls heaviest, whether they be the victims of their own foolishness or the duplicity of men.

Now, I speak of these facts rather plainly, and cite these disagreeable figures bluntly, distasteful as they are, because in some quarters—in many, for that matter—it has been shown, as I said in the beginning of this article, that there exists a feeling that any law restricting the freedom of marriage is contrary to the spirit of American institutions. But I would like to ask such critics if they consider present conditions as sympathetic with, or reflective of, those American institutions. Freedom is not license, and American freedom of thought or action was never intended to be construed into license. Yet, so far as our marriage laws are concerned, that is precisely the direction in which freedom is tending. We are horrified at the thought of free love; we go into spasms of virtuous indignation over

free divorce; we frown down mightily upon Mormonism. And yet we sanction free marriage—absolutely free, with everything eliminated; minister, magistrate and license. There's where our sublime inconsistency comes in.

The whole thing is more serious with us in America because we have a population in this country the like of which exists in no other nation on the face of the earth. The conglomerate mingling of races in America, of nationalities and peoples of all kinds, of all shades of temperament, is appalling when one stops to think at all of our economic conditions. We have opened our doors to the world. We have said, Whoever will come, let him come. This has made our nation great, but greatness brings its responsibilities. We need not make our institutions the less free, but we can, and should, make them more secure. And in that very security lies the highest and best freedom of a people. It is the hearthstone that has made America great. Domestic life is today our country's surest foundation. We have got along amazingly well as it is. But it is time now to make that well better. And our first step should be to look carefully into the entrance which leads to that great bulwark of American strength: its domesticity. There we must begin. It is all well enough to say that the real place lies even back of the marriage time; in childhood days; the training of the child. That is true, and we are fast learning this lesson in America. At no time in our domestic life has there been a stronger, keener and more intelligent interest in the whole question of child-studying and child-training. But the best training in the world will avail but little so long as the state fails to supplement the mother's effort with helpful and protective laws. We need mother-training, God knows, in this country, and the need is urgent enough. But that question has been opened up and will develop. Now it is time that the mother should receive the assistance of the state when her child reaches maidenhood or young manhood. It is an assistance and furtherance of her efforts she is entitled to, and it should be given her.

The steps necessary to tighten our marriage laws are simple enough. The voice of the people rules in America, and that voice should be urged to an expression on his subject. The question interests us all; particularly those of us with sons and daughters, marriageable or prospectively so. If the people of all our communities, large and small, would take the time to look into the marriage laws under which they live, the revelations which would come to them would soon demonstrate the necessity for some action. And they should take the time. If some of our women who are wasting their leisure time in the pursuit of the profitless fads and isms of today would devote the same attention to practical questions of this sort, the results would be infinitely better for them and for the world. The simple investigation of marriage laws by women is the first step. Then a discussion of them. This will instantly attract public attention. From this will come the wisest solution as to whether the most practical immediate adjustment consists of the agitation of a license system, where none exists today, or whether them atter can be carried further.

The grade of protection lies, first, in the legal necessity of a license before marriage, procured in the presence and with the consent of father, mother or guardian of the girl to be married. So simple a precaution should prevail in every American community. And where such a license law is in force the point of investigation should be to

see that the law is rigidly enforced. Then should be considered the question whether the further precaution of tion whether this is sufficient, and whether the further precaution of a plural ceremony, civic as well as religious, is not a necessary and a wise one. Or, whether the surest safeguard does not lie in a public declaration of marriage made two weeks or a month previous to the event itself. These are the steps which we should consider. The ideal condition would be to have one law—and that of public posting—prevail throughout the land. But this is too ideal to hope for at the start. The most practical method is for each city, town, village and community to be self-protective. But one thing is certain: something should and must be done.

The present open-door policy for marriage in America cannot exist much longer. The question must be met, and it should be met squarely. Any discussion of divorce is untimely; it is futile at the moment. It is grappling with the question at the wrong end. Whether divorce is right or wrong; whether there should be divorce at all, and on what grounds a decree of divorce should be granted—these are not the pressing questions of the hour. The whole matter of divorce does not begin to stand in such urgent need of discussion as does the question of the laws of marriage. When we adjust marriage as we should adjust it, then we can give our attention to divorce. And then we shall find that in adjusting the one we shall have come pretty close to the wisest and best adjustment of the other. The practical solution of both, in short, lies in the proper adjustment and rigid enforcement of laws which shall make marriage more difficult of accomplishment.

Stubb—"I notice that you always remove your hat when Parker tells a joke." Penn—"Yes; I was always taught to respect the aged."

## CALIFORNIA LADIES.

### Experience With Drink.

"While using Mocha and Java coffee, I was finally thrown into a serious case of nervous prostration, with heart trouble and dizzy headaches. My husband also had most serious stomach trouble for years. We finally gave up coffee and began the use of Postum. Both husband and myself have now been perfectly well for three years.

"Mrs. C. R. Holmes, of 1946 Adair street, and Mrs. Ade Leonard, 234 Twenty-seventh street, Los Angeles, both tried Postum Food Coffee but did not boil it 15 minutes, according to directions, and therefore did not like it. I made a cup for each of them the right way and now they use it daily and like it very much.

"Mrs. Ida Sherman, of 6113 Wentworth avenue, Chicago, had been quite ill for years with dyspepsia and nervousness and I urged her to leave off coffee and take Postum Food Coffee. She now writes me that she is entirely cured.

"Mrs. Julia Moore, of Riverside, Cal., and also Mrs. Lily Staldn, of Riverside, were both ill for some years with heart trouble. I told them of my experience with coffee and induced them to drop it and take up Postum Food Coffee. Mrs. Moore was cured and in three months after making the change Mrs. Staldn wrote that she had been relieved more from leaving off coffee and using Postum than she had obtained from any medicines.

"I am naturally a strong advocate of Postum." Ina Maud Magee, 122 North Johnson street, East Los Angeles, California.—Adv.



# Light of Truth

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A man's greatest curse is a belief in his own weakness.

Emperor William has given out that he is very much opposed to spectres and has ordered that they be kept off his premises. This is no joke.

Prophets who foretold the evils of the concentration of wealth and helplessly asked "Whither are we drifting?" were laughed at ten years ago, but their prophecies are being worked out.

The opinions of visiting missionaries and delegates to the late Ecumenical conference on the question "Does New York appear to be a Christian city?" indicate that the metropolis is neither "it" nor "not it." Much vaunted and very pious missionaries from "furrin parts" unite on totally opposite views. Meanwhile New York will struggle along.

## FOR MEDITATION

When we banish our jealousies, disputes and prejudices and speak and live Spiritualism we shall find ourselves in a sphere of success and happiness, not until then. As well attempt to turn Niagara Falls up stream as to expect an onward movement of this great cause while we are wrangling over each other's shortcomings, magnifying evil and blazing from every corner and housetop the sign and symbol of our inefficiency and failure. It is not Spiritualism and we are proving recreant to the trust imposed upon or assumed by us so long as we harbor animosities and peck filth like a lot of buzzards, the while the angels look on and weep.

It is for this that The Light of Truth asks that the central thought of Spiritualism set forth in these columns last week be taken up by our speakers and mediums next Sunday evening and discoursed upon dispassionately.

The Christ child is embowered in the woof and warp of every human spirit and it ever sounds forth, Peace on earth, good will to mankind. There is more of good than bad in all of us. To magnify the good, to put forth the upbuilding principles of the spiritual gospel, to point the way onward and upward, all this should engage profound attention.

We know that Spiritualism is a divine, all portentous, pregnant fact. What are we doing with it? Spirit return is as old as the eternal hills, and

as new as the birth of every babe. The world no longer contends against this fact. The brightest minds everywhere have come or are coming to it. But what are WE doing? Where are WE tending? Are we not wasting energy and time in berating each other and thrashing old straw in killing dead lions! See, for instance, the continued abuse of the churches! Why should this be? The spirit world is taking care of the churches. Are we quite sure that the oncoming Spiritualism of the Western world will not be in and of the churches? They are having their troubles, plenty of them. Their troubles are not ours. But their salvation is ours. The while they are transforming, and becoming the complexion which spiritual forces are casting upon and within them, what are the real Spiritualists doing?

The nation is groaning. Men in every walk of life view with terror the throes of the nation's life. What does it all mean? We affirm the divinity and puissance of the golden rule. It is the one positive law of human conduct. It is here, and it is at work. The disobedience of men counts the travail of men. Everywhere men of superficial calibre are bringing forward panaceas. Few delve to causes, and few rise to the scope and grasp of forces slowly bringing order out of chaos. The Light of Truth points to the altruistic life, compensation, equity, love, in a word, brotherhood.

This is the portent of the seething unrest everywhere about us. It is the grist of God's mills; the state evolved and involved; the nucleus of, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven!

In this irresistible force where do we stand? Has Andrew Jackson Davis lived in vain? Was Edward Bellamy a mere intellectual eruption? In a word, is the Christ child a failure? May God and the angels grant that light, more light, as the great Goethe prayed, break in through the crannies of our house and the turmoil and strife of our time be buried forever, to the end that at least we may take our latitude and endeavor to ascertain where we really are. The angry storms have driven us far out of our course. We have been many days in thick weather and on an uncertain sea. Let us be prudent now, and turn about. Let us go back and take up the thread of life and begin anew. This is the sentence, though Dharma tarry long.

Spiritualism is the gospel of love or it is nothing. It means liberty, fidelity and truth, or it means nothing. It means unity, concord and peace, or it means nothing. It means that the gates of the real world, the world where no masquerade is possible, are wide ajar, and that befogged humanity nailed to the cross of its own ignorance and pollution, may catch glimpses of that world and obey the law of being.

What shall we say?

## EDWARD BOK ON EASY MARRIAGES.

The Light of Truth reprints one of Edward Bok's recent editorials, because there is a whole volume of common sense jammed into it. Another reason we have for introducing Mr. Bok to Light of Truth readers is to show him that he is in company with people, who have long since gone over the ground he stamps around on, and to encourage him to let the readers of the Ladies' Home Journal have more of the same pabulum. They need it. We shall never get rid of divorces until we remove their cause. Mr. Bok hits the cause pretty near a knockout blow.

You haven't read Pendragon Posers, eh? Price ten cents.

## SOME NEW POEMS BY EDITH WILLIS LINN.

We have been favored with the perusal of a gem brochure by Edith Willis Linn. It contains a number of her late poems on Within, Beyond, Above and breathes a soft and beautiful benediction upon the soul. Mrs. Linn is a true poet. There is no struggle for mere rhyming and fulsome rhetoric. Her poetic concept is that of the simplest, yet withal the most eloquent and penetrating character. The poem "My Own White Soul" is as fine a bit of expression as we have seen these late days. All seekers after a genuine soul tonic should read this little booklet. There is in it the lesson, comfort and of hope of a life time. It can be had by addressing The Light of Truth Publishing company and enclosing 25 cents.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

For a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit; neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

For every tree is known by his own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes.

A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil; for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh.—Jesus.

Fifty thousand school children of Minnesota and the northwest contributed one cent each and with the money presented Admiral Dewey with a fine, appropriately engraved watch.

How much more appropriate it would have been, had these 50,000 school children contributed one cent each and with the money provided an outing for a lot of poor children this summer! But, then, there would be no hero worship in such a proceeding.

Ireland has seen McKinley again, and "Father" Girimondi, an Italian Catholic priest living in the northwest, has been appointed United States consul at Santos, Brazil, an act unprecedented in the history of the consular service. Several senators who were asked about the appointment declared they did not know what Girimondi's occupation was when they voted to confirm him.

The account of King Solomon's mines given by a Spokane paper and printed in the Light of Truth last week contained a statement that eastern capitalists are interested in the mines. This is an error, as no such deal has been made nor contemplated. It was to avoid the brokerages and other expenses incident to such a tie up that the plan of turning direct to the people for funds was adopted.

Two hundred years after the introduction of civilization in India, millions of her people are brought to death by starvation, while the earth produces more than enough for all. There is this consolation, however, the shamrock is allowed by law to grow in Ireland — until the war in Africa closes.

Have you seen our Premiums?

## THE TYRANNIES WORK THEIR OWN DESTRUCTION.

The eleventh annual congress of the Sons of the American Revolution recently held in New York city, was distinguished by bristling criticism of current political conditions and warnings concerning the future of American institutions. The chaplain-general of the society, Rev. Rufus Wheelright Clark, was bold enough to point out the perils that beset the nation. The wave of patriotism that swept over the country at the time of the Spanish war stayed the impending conflicts, which at any time may be renewed. The state is in jeopardy where contestants on either side unite upon the doctrine that might makes right.

"Tyrannies of capital over labor and of laborers over each other. Tyrannies of tariff and tyrannies of race; the sordid and vile traffic for gain in whatever makes men slaves are yet to be abolished before this republic is safe and the perpetuity of what our fathers gave us can be guaranteed."

Brave words, and true. Further along the chaplain-general declared:

"The political questions of the day and those which apply to officeholders are questions that we must apply to ourselves. Public corruption keeps pace with the magnitude of commercial interests involved. Not only on the floor of the United States senate, in the common council and in the directors' room, the man who accepts an office with the implied condition of service for others and then is false to his trust, is an enemy to his country and a partner with Lord North and Benedict Arnold."

Quoting Mr. Brice in his "American Commonwealth," the speaker said that the writer gives his reflections while living for a time in a seething American city, and is appalled at the thought of what is liable to become of the huge structure of the American state and institutions when the masses cease to believe in them, and are thrown from their position of permanency by the godless, heavenless, loveless, justiceless forces now at work in corrupting the manhood of the nation and overturning its institutions.

So far as we have comment to make now, the logic of the situation points to wrong institutions at the start, for were they right there would be no revolution. What is being wrought out by these dread conditions is a state unknown, as yet, to the body politic. The people can be trusted in this, but the state as founded and administered can not be trusted. The God within is working out His purposes through instrumentalities mankind in the aggregate wot not of. The Spiritualist, the seer, the prophet alone perceive these instrumentalities. All things are working together for good.

The Catholic News of New York, the official organ of the Roman church in that city, says: "The last issue of the Loretto Magazine contains a very interesting statement of the recent conversion, baptism and confirmation of Captain Arthur S. McKinley, first cousin of President McKinley. The captain stated in the course of an interview that President McKinley's grandparents were staunch Irish Catholics, it being usually supposed the McKinleys were Irish Protestants. Captain McKinley states that President McKinley's grandfather called for the priest on his deathbed, the latter arriving too late, and that Grandmother McKinley was comforted by a priest in her last hours."

There are men of narrow lines. David Harum speaks of them as being "so narrow that fourteen could occupy one buggy seat."



## STARTLING REVELATIONS.

The Light of Truth last week printed in simple form, without comment, a communication entitled "Simplicity is the Seal of Truth." Considerable and vitally interesting correspondence with the writer, Professor Arminius, regarding these revelations, indicates that, granting the truth of them, the world is on the eve of the grandest discovery of the ages, nothing less than the visual contemplation of the earth's spiritual spheres by the aid of the telescope at favorable times and places of observation.

More than that, the form, shape and distance in kilometers, of the spheres, are given, the most unique idea being that they are in the form of gigantic lotus flowers.

The stupendous nature of the proposition is staggering and the Light of Truth can give at this time no more than a mere hint of what is involved.

Like all pioneers, Arminius is met with apathetic indifference and downright derision in placing the revelations before the world, but this is a common fate.

All we can say now is, we don't know. But we are willing to learn. It is a bold proposition. These revelations came originally from high sources in spirit life to a learned German. Arminius has remodeled them and gotten the manuscript in book form ready to print.

All he asks is a hearing. The statement is given out cold that if any great telescope in Europe, preferably at or near Berlin, is pointed at night a few degrees to the east of the pole star, these spheres in the consistency of nebulae will be seen. Especially is it desirable that the great instrument at the Paris exposition be utilized for this purpose.

When Harvey announced the circulation of the blood, he was hooted. When Galileo announced the rotundity of the earth and its revolution he nearly paid the penalty of his life for his pains. When the tiny rap at Hydesville announced practical communication with the dead, the whole world staggered, and theology has been convulsed ever since. It will not do to dismiss this matter with a shrug of the shoulders and a roll of the eyes. Perhaps we are entertaining the Almighty unawares.

Many persons are especially forgetful with regard to names—as of acquaintances or some familiar object. Dr. Bastian, in discussing effects recently, quoted with approval this explanation: "The more concrete the idea the more readily is the word used to designate it forgotten when the memory fails. We easily represent persons and things to ourselves without their names. More abstract conceptions, on the contrary, are attained only with the aid of words, which alone give them their exact shape in our minds." Hence verbs, adjectives, pronouns, adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions are more intimately related to thought than nouns are, and can be remembered when nouns, or names, slip from the mind.

How do you like the war tax? How much benefit are you really getting out of it? Do you know anybody who does get any benefit from it? Do you know that eighty per cent of it is on the necessities of life? Do you know that sixty per cent of it is paid by the poor, thirty per cent by the middle classes and ten per cent by those who control 90 per cent of the nation's wealth? Scratch your head a bit, and think.

Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.

Without charity we are nothing.

A Grand Rapids, Mich., newspaper, referring to the new tax law in that city, has this to say:

"Fortune tellers, astrologists, clairvoyants, trance mediums, phrenologists, palmists and magnetic healers are to be added to the list of persons who will pay the city roundly for the privilege of conducting their business here. It will cost them \$15 a month or \$180 a year. It is stated that a good many fortune tellers about the city have been simply living in ease since they came to Grand Rapids and that there has been no way whatever of taxing them."

To which a well known Spiritualist, H. W. Booser, replies:

"In the schedule drawn to take effect May 1 are items affecting the religious rights of many persons in this city. As a Spiritualist, I must protest against what seems to me either ignorance of our religion or a disposition to be unjust, and the latter I am slow to believe. It is a fact that most of our religious teachers are what the schedule denominates 'trance mediums.' So also are those who give consolation to the bereaved through sittings. The 'clairvoyant' sight is demanded by many as a means of information beyond the physical sight. Magnetic healers as well as our Christian Science neighbors perform their acts of healing on a purely benevolent basis—the love of humanity accounts for their existence. Phrenologists, astrologists and palmists have many adherents in the city who support these as truths. My interest in them is a desire that they shall receive justice instead of oppression. 'Entertainments charging admission and not for a religious purpose.' Would the council decide that Spiritualism is not a religion?"

It is a deplorable pity, to say the least, that newspaper men always show their ignorance of Spiritualism and mediumship when they "go for them," as in this case.

Mrs. Ida Bell, mother of three small children, husband in the poorhouse on account of sickness, couldn't go to hospital, no money to pay for medical attendance, furniture at the home piled up ready for the constable to seize for rent unpaid, without food for herself and babies for 72 hours, secured some digitalis leaves, prepared a tea, drank some of the stuff with suicidal intent, was discovered by neighbors, police called, doctor with a stomach pump followed, and the poor mother brought back to her wretchedness. Such is the story of a day in big, rich Columbus.

Love is the crown of immortality, and God is love. The quest and reach of man's soul is Godward. It is the law. Man can not break the law. He may sever his connection with it, and when he does so, he alone suffers. God (Love) does not turn away. The law does not dispute. Obedience and disobedience forever determine man's relation to it. Without love (Charity) in his soul he can not know the greater love of God, he can not grasp the law. Inherent in man's soul is the desire for love, hence the anxious quest Godward.

There is vastly more involved in the simplest psychic rap on a table, bedpost or door than in all the learned disquisitions on any other problem that can engage the human, mortal mind. The fact is that too much has been given by the spirit world. We have not yet realized the significance of the rap. Our position is like that of the child who tramples on the violets in vain effort to reach the sunflower.

The true, the beautiful, the divine alone are enduring.

## PRAISE WELL BESTOWED.

One of the largest pioneer families of Allen county is the Hardins. They as well as all the citizens of this vicinity, will be pleased to know that Dr. Willett L. Hardin, son of Mr. John Hardin of this city, is rapidly rising to a first position among the scientific men of the world. His latest work on "The Rise and Development of the Liquefaction of Gases" is being reproduced in the languages of foreign countries and praised highly by all scientific journals.

Mr. Crookes, the inventor of the "Crookes Tubes" and the editor of the Chemical News of London, said recently: "The author has, we believe, produced the first systematic work on this subject, and deserves the thanks of the scientific world for his labor."

The American Journal of Science says: "In preparing this book the author has performed a service to the many interested in the history of the liquefaction of gases, in its present development, and also in the possibilities for the future, a topic somewhat imaginatively treated by the public press. This volume should be read by a wide circle of readers."

Among the journals which have taken the pains to review Mr. Hardin's book are the Electrical Engineer, The American Chemical Journal, The Engineering Record, The Electrical World and Engineer, The Philadelphia Press and many foreign journals.

Personal friends who are acquainted with his work and purposes predict

that this is but the commencement of an international career as a scientist. Mr. Hardin is expected to make a visit to his old home in a few days.

The above, taken from the Times-Democrat, Lima, O., refers to a gentleman whom all investors in King Solomon's Mines are interested in, as Dr. Hardin is the chief mineralogist of the company. He has appointed Mr. Joseph W. Harris (for six years employed by Thomas A. Edison as his assistant electrician) to the post of assistant chemist and electrician.

There are many things we may well leave to posterity. The best we can do for posterity is to lay the foundation for it. That lies in intelligent direction in the procreation of offspring. Our trouble is the misfits provided by our ancestors. These perpetuated can bring only pain and sorrow to those who come after us.

The Bible definition of pure and undefiled religion is all we need for a fundamental principle, and you can expand it in as many ways as you please; but in the name of suffering humanity, why can we not unite under one common impulse to work for good, let the creed be what it may?—Mrs. S. E. Mackley in Progressive Thinker.

There is evidence of progress in Corea. Women have been granted permission to ride on the trolley cars, and they consider it a great privilege.

Have you seen our Premiums?

## WHAT SPIRITUALIST EDITORS ARE SAYING THIS WEEK.

Spiritualists, as well as all others who advocate liberal thought, are interested in having perfect justice done and that as thorough a course of prosperity as possible may come upon us. It therefore behooves us to think well and carefully of the issues of the coming campaign. Not to jump at conclusions but to examine everything from a thorough point of view and then act as our best judgment tell us is right.—The Sunflower.

Progression has been the theme of many "world reformers;" yet when a writer or speaker changes his opinions and says so, he is called erratic and inconsistent by these same people. Some of these positive thinkers have established "standards" and "lines of thought," which are eccentric and illogical, yet they judge and condemn others by them to the extent of ostracization. Somewhere in the chronicles of philosophy it is written: "Judge not that you be not judged."—Religio Philosophical Journal.

In an Assyrian bas-relief, preserved in the British museum, is seen a medieval devil, with horns, claws, tail and wings. He is pursued by the god Adar. See Ency. Brit., Vol. 3, p. 193, near the close of last column.

The Jews captured that devil, and generously transmitted him to Christians. Familiarity with Assyrian, Babylonian and Accadian literature reveals the origin of many "pious frauds" surviving to our times, among which is "holy water."—The Progressive Thinker.

"My mother was a witch," said one of the speakers at the late experience meeting of the Alliance. It was a somewhat startling declaration; but it has its uses. During centuries, thousands of exceptionally keen and gifted women have been tormented or killed as "witches." It is on record that many of the Salem "witches," who were judicially murdered, were the brightest women in the little town. Coarse clay could not understand crystal. And even now, it is too much the custom to treat certain gifted women as suspects or uncanny.

Yes, it is high time that all this should be reprimanded, and that we should cease to merely endure or apologize. The ancient cruelty is now only a modern insolence; and it becomes us to confront it, to glory in what is condemned. Let the brave husband or brother openly stand up and say: "My wife (or my sister) is a medium;" or even, "My mother was a witch!" The beautiful audacity of it will

make some men think, and other men ashamed.—Light, London.

The real hunger that humanity suffers is for soul-enlightenment. When the souls of men are illumined by truth's holy light, they can easily discern the causes that lead to their enslavement. If philanthropists would really serve their fellow-men, they should feed them with instruction in soul-culture. They should open wide the doors of all spiritual granaries and bid the toilers of earth to take such stores as will best serve their soul-needs. Men and women may be in the midst of material plenty, yet be the veriest of paupers when it comes to the question of soul-wealth. In order to produce the latter, careful labor is required in the garden of the soul. The soil may need fallowing under the genial sun of sympathy, until it is re-fertilized by its warmth and fitted to bear a goodly crop of tenderness and love. It may require careful cultivation, that noxious weeds may not choke or crowd out the tender plants of goodness and truth. If the seed of pure, wholesome thoughts be sown, and the tiny plants properly nurtured, the real hunger of man could and would be met from within. As it is today, man permits and even expects others to sow his thoughts for him, and the result is dissatisfaction, trouble, and sometimes bloodshed.—Banner of Light.

A. J. Davis, in his Spiritual Annual for 1863, predicts two opposite movements toward two opposite ends, by the Spiritualists as a body—one to individualize, the other to institutionalize. Said he:

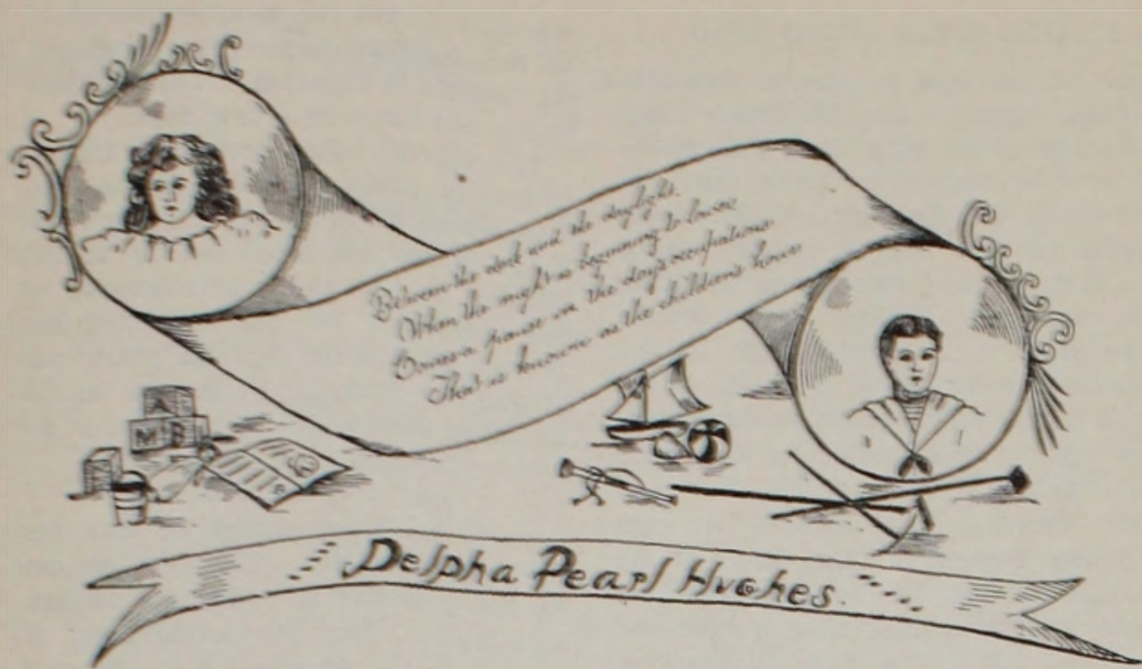
"The Jews worshipped their laws, revered their usages, dignified their customs, and idolized their religious observances. So will the 'organization party' among modern Spiritualists."

No prophecy was ever more truthfully and literally fulfilled, and Davis yet on earth to witness its fulfillment.

On the other hand says he, all true "spiritual minds will erect the standard of unconditional emancipation from all or whatever hinders the free, natural, just development of the individual. Angels will visit these minds as friends meet and mingle—freely giving and taking; neither attempting to oppress or control the thoughts and sentiments of the other."

This part of his predictions is made equally true by establishing The Spirit of Truth, this spirit Home, College and Center. No where else, and on no other periodical publication are angels accredited and accepted as co-workers and full partners in all the business affairs of the Home and paper—even "as mortal friends meet and mingle."—Spirit of Truth.





Address all Communications for this Department to its  
Editress, "Aunt Rose," Box 65, Rollin, Mich.

#### THE VIOLET.

Dear little violet,  
Don't be afraid;  
Lift your blue eyes  
From the rock's mossy shade;  
All the birds call for you  
Out of the sky;  
May is here, waiting,  
And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so,  
Violet, sweet?  
Soft is the meadow-grass  
Under my feet.  
Wrapped in your hood of green,  
Violet, why  
Peep from your earth door,  
So silent and shy?

Trickle the little brooks  
Close to your bed,  
Softest of fleecy clouds  
Float overhead;  
"Ready and waiting,"  
We sing—May and I.

Come, pretty violet,  
Winter's away—  
Come, for without you  
May isn't May.  
Down through the sunshine,  
Wings flutter and fly,  
Quick, little violet,  
Open your eye.

Hear the rain whisper,  
"Dear violet, come!"  
How can you stay  
In your underground home?  
Up in the pine boughs  
For you the winds sigh,  
Homesick to see you,  
Are we—May and I.

Ha! though you care not  
For call or for shout,  
You troop of sunbeams  
Are winning you out.  
Now, all is beautiful  
Under the sky.  
May's here—and violets,  
Winter, good-bye. —Lucy Larcom.

#### CROWDING.

Dear readers of the Children's Hour,  
do you ever crowd? I hope not. It is  
real mean. Most everybody is mean  
sometimes, though, and then they  
crowd. There is a great deal of crowd-  
ing in this world, and most everything  
helps.

Now, there's my garden; such a  
crowding you never saw. Just as soon  
as spring came and crowded the snow  
off and the sun shone out real warm  
and crowded the water out of the  
ground, I concluded it was about time  
for me to commence crowding, too. So  
I brought out the seed sack and emp-  
tied the seeds on the floor, when out  
jumped—a mouse, sure enough! Then,  
I thought, "So, my fine fellow, you  
have been crowding my garden seeds,  
have you?" Just then old Debby came  
in at the door, and—well, she crowded  
the mouse. I guess mouse had not  
been in the bag very long, though, for  
he had just crowded a few pumpkin  
seeds.

Well, as I was saying, I emptied the  
seeds on the floor. What a lot of them  
there were, too, and such funny names  
they had. First there was a package  
of cucumber seeds (I s'pose folks named

them cucumber because the vines are so  
large and cumbersome, and then added  
the cu just to make it sound grand).

Then I beat out the beat seeds and  
pumped out the pumpkin seeds, and  
squashed out the squash seeds, and  
then "cabbaged" the whole lot and  
started for the garden. On the way I  
got a hoe, with which I crowded the  
ground open and the seeds in. In about  
a week I went out to see how my gar-  
den came on, and sure as you live  
whole rows of little green plants had  
crowded their way right up through.  
Then the crowding began in right good  
earnest. The pussley crowded the cu-  
cumbers, and the "witch grass" crowd-  
ed the squashes, and the "pig weed"  
crowded all of them.

Then there were lots of weeds that  
I don't know the names of, and I'm  
glad that I don't, each one meaner than  
the other, and all "as mean as puss-  
ley," that came just on purpose to crowd.

Finally things got to such a pass  
that I saw something must be done;  
so I took a hoe and went to crowding,  
too. They would not stay crowded  
more than a week, however, till they  
"were up and at it again," worse than  
ever. And then the bugs got to crowd-  
ing my vines; great crowds of big,  
lusty black ones! Whew! how they  
did smell! It makes me shiver now to  
think of it. Then the hens got to  
crowding my cabbages, and the boys  
to crowding my water melons, and—  
oh, my stars! what a time I did have!

That is the way it goes the world  
over. An apple tree crowds a hill of  
corn, an insect crowds the apple tree,  
a woodpecker crowds the insect, a cat  
crowds the woodpecker, a dog crowds  
the cat, and, finally, a man crowds the  
dog. And so it goes. Everybody  
crowds everybody, and everything  
crowds everything. Expecting to be  
crowded into Aunt Rose's waste bas-  
ket, I am,

#### A JUNIOR GARDENER.

Rosenberg, Tex., April 17, 1900.

Dear Editress: I am a boy 11 years old.  
I go to school and I am in the sixth grade.  
I live in the south and we have plenty of  
flowers and a nice garden. My father is a  
newspaper man. He edits a paper named  
the Silver-X-Ray, and I have to work in  
the office. I can set two galleys of pica in  
one day, and one galley of brevier in one  
day. My mother takes the Light of Truth  
regularly and I like to read it, because it  
has so many good stories in it to read. I  
take the Lyceum all the time. I think it  
is an awfully good paper. I have no pets  
now. I did have a pet pony, but my papa  
sold her. I can shoot a shot-gun now; I  
have just learned how to shoot it.

Yours respectfully,  
MILO A. LANG.

Aunt Rose would be much pleased  
to visit your flower garden, Milo.  
Please tell us more about its fairy den-  
izens.

How busy you must be to attend to  
office work as well as your studies.

We are glad to know you are inter-  
ested in and enjoy the Light of Truth

and Lyceum so much, but Aunt Rose  
hopes you will be very careful to not  
hurt anything with the shotgun, which  
she deems rather a dangerous com-  
panion.

Ironton, O., April 16, 1900.

Dear Aunt Rose: I am a little girl that  
has been hearing the letters and poems  
in the children's page in the Light of  
Truth read by my grandpa, until I am an-  
xious to be counted as one of your family,  
and, though I cannot write myself, I am  
giving to grandpa the ideas for this letter  
so that it is my own in thought if not  
in words. Among my Easter gifts I have  
a little rabbit, in a cup. I blow in the  
handle and the white rabbit with red eyes  
jumps up to the top of the cup; draw the  
air out and bunny sinks back into the cup  
again. Yesterday with my papa and broth-  
ers I went to the woods for a ride and  
gathered some beautiful flowers and had  
such a nice time. With some help from  
Grandpa I read some of the poems in the  
paper and enjoy them very much. They  
are so nice. I am 5 years old.

SUSANNAH MARIE WARFIELD.

What a kind and good grandpa you  
must have to read to you and write  
out your thoughts for us; and we are  
very happy, indeed, to welcome so wee  
a member.

We should be delighted to see the  
tiny rabbit with its funny ways, and  
shall hope that in your next you will  
tell us more about the beautiful flow-  
ers you gathered in your rambles.

Thanks for the midget photo. Aunt  
Rose will prize it very much.

#### FEATHERS ON THE MOOR.

(A Reminiscence of Childhood Days In  
England.)

On lovely Sunday afternoons,  
In quiet days of yore,  
We all go gaily for a walk,  
And feathers on the moor.

We run about, with joyous laugh,  
As we have done before;  
And gather all the treasures up,  
The feathers on the moor.

"Look, sister, see that large one there;  
We'll have it in our store;"  
Was ever anything as sweet  
As feathers on the moor?

We fill our little Sunday-bags,  
From off the dotted floor;  
They wave, and flutter, in the breeze,  
White feathers on the moor.

The frightened geese go flying off,  
Like snow-balls each one tore;  
And we, delighted, run again,  
For feathers on the moor.

"You, children, do not run so far;  
Your mother can not soar;  
And you must go more slowly here,  
Mid feathers on the moor."

At last, we homeward turn our steps;  
And soon we reach our door;  
While backward thoughts fly swiftly to  
Sweet feathers on the moor.

Dear memories of other days;  
Our childhood ne'er was poor,  
While we could take our Sunday walks  
To feathers on the moor.

I see it all before me now;  
The long, wide, barren floor;  
No house in sight; but here and there,  
Are feathers on the moor.  
St. Louis, Mo. —Mary A. Koch.

#### WHAT ROBIN TOLD.

How do the robins build their nest?  
Robin Redbreast told me.  
First a wisp of yellow hay  
In a pretty round they lay;  
Then some shreds of down floss,  
Feathers, too, and bits of moss,  
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,  
This way, that way, and across;  
That's what robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nest?  
Robin Redbreast told me.  
Up among the leaves so deep,  
Where the sunbeams rarely creep.  
Long before the winds are cold,  
Long before the leaves are gold,  
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see  
Baby-robins—one, two, three;  
That's what robin told me.

—Selected.

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#### PEACE OFFERING.

(By S. M. Gale.)

After the storm the calm,  
After the winter the spring,  
Each must come in its order,  
And a higher condition bring.

After the storm, the sunshine;  
After the battle, sweet peace;  
After the night of sorrow,  
The turbulent waters shall cease.

After the sowing, the reaping;  
Each its own fruit must bear,  
Each its own record keeping,  
Of all that is false, or is fair.

After the spring time, the harvest;  
Oh! what shall it be, my friends,  
The beautiful flowers of forgiveness,  
That in harmony all life blends?

Have you tasted the sweets of for-  
giveness?

Have you sifted the chaff from the  
wheat?

Do you know there is much more of good-  
ness

Than ill in the souls that you meet?

Do you look for the rose that is thornless?  
Can you take the bitter from sweet?  
Can you tell in the darkness of night  
time

The white from the red roses sweet?

Come, let us just reason together  
And each with the other compare,  
And he that hath no short-coming  
We'll place in the golden-chair.

We'll watch and see his wings growing,  
For an angel most perfect, is he,  
His beauty and whiteness of raiment,  
More fitting for heaven must be.

Their comes in our midst at this moment  
Two beings most divinely fair,  
With raiment of dazzling whiteness  
To which we can nothing compare.

With countenance calm and commanding  
As one that is born to rule,  
He smiles so sweet and so kindly  
You'd be happy to be his foot-stool.

In his hands, golden scales he is bearing,  
He's waiting to weigh each soul here.  
Now he that is perfect among you  
He kindly invites to draw near.

He's waiting, he's waiting, he's waiting,  
Is there no one to answer his call?  
Then is there not one without sinning  
Among you, my dear children all?

As a father, he loveth his children,  
So love I you, one and all;  
If you love me, you'll keep my command  
And bury your offences all.

Misunderstanding, we know there's been  
And misinterpretations, too;  
'Twas not that any intended to sin  
Or have sad recollections to rue.

It was something, that must, and did  
come,  
A something to make you all better,  
A refining process, to one and to all,  
You will learn both the spirit and letter.

Remember the past is forgotten,  
And out of its mould and decay  
A beautiful flower shall blossom,  
Its name shall be peace alway.

My companion I bring to the rescue,  
My work I could not do alone,  
It needed the help of an angel,  
And peace is the angel, mine own.

Justice can weigh, and can measure,  
And the world can battle its own;  
But love and its true angel sister,  
Sweet peace, are never alone.

Remember the past is now buried,  
And each will a new life begin,  
And we'll only remember the roses,  
The thistles shall never come in.

And now let the hand of true friendship  
Each to the other extend,  
A loving and hearty God bless you,  
And closer your future lives blend.

Remember, dear children, remember,  
In the mansions that wait you above,  
No higher, no lower, no greater, no lesser  
In the great Fatherhood of God's love.

And when, some morn, we'll awaken  
To life in the bright summerland,  
We'll renew the friendship now taken  
By clasping each other's hand.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIELD AT A GLANCE.

Dr. Louis H. Freedman is located for a time in Youngstown, Ohio.

William Way, of Wheeling, W. Va., has been doing good work at Canton, O.

Mrs. M. H. Cowan of Syracuse will be the librarian at Cassadaga this summer.

The Yonkers, N. Y., Spiritualist society is still rendering zealous labor in behalf of the great cause.

Julia Steelman Nichols is now in central Wisconsin. All letters will reach her mailed to Fon-du-Lac, Wis.

C. H. Figuers, platform test medium and missionary of the O. S. A., has a few open dates in July for camp work. Address for terms, C. H. Figuers, 639 1/2 Pearl St., Cleveland, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerman Bryant, president of the Church of Spiritual Communion of Louisville, Ky., celebrated the twenty-eighth anniversary of their marriage on the evening of April 25.

On May 17 the Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial society, of Boston, will hold an Interstate Apron and Sun Bonnet Sale. The aprons and sun bonnets will be solicited from the various Spiritualistic societies, and it is hoped that all will send something. Marion G. Packard, Chairman, No. 65 Harvest street, South Boston, Mass.

Cassadaga's platform for the coming season, so far as completed, embraces the following: Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, J. Clegg Wright, Moses Hull, Lyman C. Howe, C. W. Stewart, Morgan Wood, B. F. Austin, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, Wm. Lockwood, Anna L. Shaw, Dr. Montague, J. C. F. Grumbine and Anna L. Gillespie. Season opens July 13, closes August 26.

Vincennes, Ind.—Mrs. Frances Rud-dick, the independent slate writer from Indianapolis, has been with us for a few days and has created great interest among the people, many of whom had never seen independent slate writing.—Correspondent.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—On the evening of April 25, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid, Mr. N. L. Clamen gave the G. R. S. A. a pleasing and instructive entertainment, consisting of oral description and teaching, illustrated stereoptically in the darkened hall.—Secretary.

Battle Creek, Mich.—Joseph King, of Benton Harbor, Mich., the materializing medium, has been here for a short time, giving fine seances. I have attended several and find him a true, honest medium. Mr. King has many warm friends here who wish him success in his work.—Della Platt.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Fraternity of Soul Communion, Aurora Grata cathedral. Mr. Ira Moore Courlis is giving messages every Sunday evening to large and appreciative audiences. The society will hold its meeting every Sunday evening until the first of August. During the month of August the church will be closed, opening again the first of September.—W. H. Adams, Secretary.

Hanover, Mich.—Mrs. F. V. Jackson of Grand Rapids, Mich., is in the field for camp work at reasonable rates, and is open for engagements for the coming season. Mrs. Jackson is a good psychometrist and a teacher of the occult, also a good test medium, being clairvoyant and clairaudient, and is well worthy a place upon the platform as a psychic reader and test medium.—A. S. C.

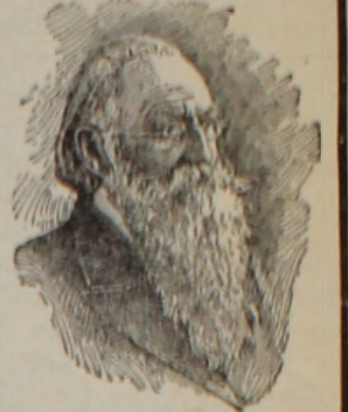
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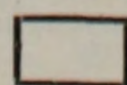
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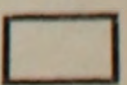
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April 29, at Hall D, Odd Fellows' temple, Dr. C. D. Larson was ordained by Rev. C. A. Voss and installed as minister of The Temple of Progress. This institution was incorporated a year ago, and is making steady progress. Its influence is decidedly practical and scientific, and a great many have received benefits to be highly appreciated. The Temple has a bright and useful future.

New Orleans, La.—While traveling through the south this last winter I called on a Mrs. Buchanan for a sitting. I was much surprised at finding in Jacksonville, Fla., the best medium I had ever met; a lady of rare intelligence and refinement, and her mediumship the most wonderful and the control is certainly perfectly reliable. To tell you the truth, I am confident that she has not a superior and but few equals.—Eugene James.

Cleveland, O.—The East End Spiritualists' society of Cleveland, O., has been served for the month of April by Dr. H. C. Andrews, of Indianapolis. The doctor's great forte seems to be his improvised poems, which are indeed very fine. He also speaks well and plainly from subjects taken from the audience, as are also his subjects for his poems. He is also a good test medium, being able to give very good descriptions of the spirits who appear to him.—Mrs. J. Brocklebank, Secretary.

Columbus, O.—The West Side Harmony Spiritual association was organized Tuesday evening, May 1, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Folsom, 500 West State street. Officers were elected as follows: Mr. J. T. Miller, president; Mrs. Veal, vice president; Rose M. Ruff, secretary, and Mrs. Josie K. Folsom, treasurer. With a membership of 20 earnest, active members determined to meet with success, and sufficient funds in the treasury to enter into actual business, the society adjourned to meet again in one week.—Rose M. Ruff, Secretary.

Shelbyville, Ind.—We have had Mrs. Dr. M. Belmont with us for the past two weeks and have had very gratifying results in her seances. During the seance held at the home of Mr. Wilkinson on West Washington street, a four-year child was carried from the bed by the controls and placed on the medium's lap. A few evenings later at a seance held at J. E. Shoppell's, No. 105 S. Tompkins street, no less than eight full form materializations were had when the light was turned out and the seance turned to trumpet with grand results.—J. E. Shoppell.

Wheeling, W. Va.—In utter disregard of the obstacles placed in its way, Spiritualism continues to quietly hold its own in our city. Mr. L. M. Oles, of Washington, Pa., was with us Sunday eve, April 29, and lectured in Odd Fellows' hall, on "Ancient and Modern Exposes." He gave a number of tests, and read from several photos handed him from the audience. The tests and readings were very good and all were recognized but one, I think. Although a young medium and comparatively new to the work, we feel

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he has a brilliant and useful career before him in the Spiritualistic field. By special request he will be with us again May 13.—Mrs. S. S. Brown.

Saginaw, Mich.—The Court St. Spiritualist society of Saginaw was organized April 26th at the residence of Dr. W. S. Eldridge, 211 N. Mason St. The attendance was good, and many persons have shown an interest in the society and signified their intention to join. The first regular meetings were held Sunday, April 29th, in G. A. R. hall, and everything seems full of promise for a grand success. Following are the officers elected: President, Mr. W. T. Roush; vice president, Mrs. W. G. Smith; financial secretary, Mrs. Kate Becker; corresponding secretary, Hattie M. Eldridge; pastor and speaker, Dr. W. S. Eldridge. Dr. Eldridge will attend funerals and engagements for camp meeting work.

Newport, Ky.—Rev. Anna E. Thomas, of Newport, Ky., has been confined to her bed for some time with "nervous prostration," but at present writing is convalescent and hopes soon to be able to resume her work in the spiritual field. To the many friends who have kindly remembered her during her severe illness, she sends her loving greetings and assurance of heartfelt appreciation. To Dr. T. Wilkins, of Chicago, author of the little poem, "Yo' Black Mammy," she is especially grateful and desires to inform him that she values the same above price. Old Mammy must have inspired him. Her warmest love is wafted on every breeze that blows to those who know and love her. Her Daughter.

Anderson, Ind.—The executive board of the Indiana Association of Spiritualists met at Chesterfield camp ground May 2d. The board decided to not build an auditorium this spring, but make other extensive improvements that are equally necessary. Water facilities will be increased, electric lights put in, a large addition to the dining hall, and booths erected for sale of produce. The old auditorium will be temporarily repaired and new seats put in. The Chesterfield camp has been growing steadily until the attendance on Sundays reaches into the thousands. The completion of the electric car line will greatly increase the attendance. The association is out of debt and desires to so remain. During the coming meeting a fund will be raised for the erection of a large and substantial auditorium before the next camp season. The camp meeting for 1900 will open July 19 and close Aug. 26. The following speakers will be present: Carrie E. S. Twing, Moses Hull, Mrs. T. C. Nutt-Moore, A. E. Tisdale, Mrs. Anna L. Gillespie, Swami Abhedananda, Oscar A. Edgerly, J. Clegg Wright and L. C. Ainsworth. For programs and further information, address Flora Hardin, secretary.

New York City.—The large audience at Tuxedo hall had a rare treat for the last two Sundays in receiving many unique tests from both Miss Gaule and Dr. Louis Schlesinger. Miss Gaule gave Dr. S. a cordial welcome to her platform. She continues to be appreciated by a New York audience and will remain until the close of the season, May 27th. I will give one of Dr. S.'s ballot tests, similar to hundreds he is constantly giving. I had six ballots at a sitting on the 12th inst; two persons still living, four deceased, folded and mixed that I could not discriminate without opening. The first he picked up. "This is still living; it is Milton Rathbun, a friend. (2) This one deceased; it is your mother's maiden name, Mary Keese. (3) Deceased; you have written it M. F. Merritt; it is

your uncle, and M. is the initial of Matthew. Remaining one also correct, and he had not seen the writing. He then requested that I keep them folded and not allow any one to see them, and have them with me at Tuxedo hall the next Sunday, and I would receive messages from them and perhaps from some whose names I had not written. The promise was fulfilled to the letter. He had been quite successful in curing the tobacco, alcohol and morphine habits.—Titus Merritt.

Portland, Ore.—People throughout the northwest should bear in mind that the New Era campmeeting will be held this year at the camp ground of that name, a few miles south of Portland, Oregon, beginning Saturday, June 23, and continuing until the 16th of July. The management is endeavoring to arrange all matters connected with the meeting so as to assure a pleasant, profitable and successful gathering. The location, as is well known, is most beautiful, and no lovelier spot could be chosen in which to spend a few days or weeks for rest or study. The association has on the ground a hotel which will accommodate visitors at a normal rate, besides tents for hire. There are a number of cottages belonging to private owners. Among the workers of the season is Professor W. C. Bowman, the silver-tongued orator of California, whose ministrations last summer met with universal favor and led to his re-engagement for the present season. His return to the camp will be hailed with pleasure by the hundreds who heard him last year, and by numerous others who will hear him for the first time at the coming camp. Mrs. Georgia G. Cooley, of Chicago, has also been engaged. She is one of the best known platform test mediums in the west, and her work is generally recognized as satisfactory, and her labor will doubtless be productive of much interest. Professor Bowman and Mrs. Cooley will work together for the success of the meeting, and will no doubt be aided by a number of local workers whose names I have not at hand. Any particulars desired may be obtained by addressing Mr. E. W. Penman, the secretary, at Canby, Oregon, or the vice president, Mrs. Kate Obrock, 309 Shaver street, Portland, Oregon.—W. P. W.

Syracuse, N. Y.—While trying to encourage the feeble society here I found there was an element on the outside that with some effort would come in and be of great help to our cause. I determined to see what, with the help of the angel world, I could do. So I have applied myself with my only motive to build for the greatest good of our cause, which means to me all humanity. The first of April I opened my rooms, which are large double parlors, purchased chairs and tables and began giving my lectures. I have now four classes organized, with a number of private individuals, who feel that they want my undivided attention for the hour. Besides this I am in correspondence with leading Spiritualists in fifty different places, near to Syracuse, and propose to organize societies that will be self-supporting. I propose to engage another person, a good speaker and medium, one of experience, who can with myself feel the general need, and will work unselfishly for the good of all. The only way to make organization a success is to go at it like any other business—we must know if societies are to succeed. They are dependent upon those who from their souls can inspire them. I invite kindly correspondence and assistance to help me. In some places there is perhaps only one who would be willing to do what he can, and I

may have to meet the expenses, which I propose to do, and by this develop interest until others will assist to carry on the work. If any one wishes to make a contribution I will be glad to receive the same, and I shall from time to time give a written report to be published in our Spiritualist journals. My address is 120 S. Salina street, Syracuse. My labor favors state and national organization, but feeling a lack of enthusiasm expressed in this part of New York state, I felt to localize my efforts here. Yours fraternally, Mrs. Mary C. Von Kanzler.

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The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by the same great nerves, the Sympathetic and the Pneumogastric.

In another way also the heart is affected by the form of poor digestion, which causes gas and fermentation from half digested food. There is a feeling of oppression and heaviness in the chest caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence arises palpitation and short breath.

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### MESSAGES.

From the first spirit that comes I hear: "Tell my son Henry and two daughters, Erastina and Augusta, that I still live. Mother is with me, also Benjamin and Frank. This life is not what the preachers told. Oh, what a mistake. Weep not, I am still with you. Ever your father.—G. A."

Aunt Sarah sends love to Dr. O. K. Carr.

Jane is waiting for Henry just over the way.

O. H. Browning still lives in the memory of his friends, especially Margaret.

Mary Schottle visits often her old home and sends love to Charley, Frank, Nettle and the old folks at home.

"Yes, my child, we are all together and often visit your home. You are my little namesake. With love, Hannah Howe."

Henry Beck wishes to reach his wife Kate. "I have found the real life and am told that I can, when I learn how, send word to all my earth friends and relatives."

A spirit now comes who gives the name of Wide-Awake, and says: "My medium is in hard luck. Oh, what can I do not help her? Pearlle and Pusy comes, too. Don't do it for my sake."

Red Jacket, Maggie and many others send greetings to George V. Cordingly, of Chicago, and wish him and his associates success with the camp meeting this summer—and many other summers to follow.

"Tell him I was afflicted with a combination of troubles, rheumatism and impoverished state of the blood, but the doctors called it consumption. My death was not the direct result of my trouble.—G. W. Smith."

"Oh, my children, how I shrank from this change. I wish my beloved wife Bridget, and Norah, Michael, Thomas and Ellen would grant me the pleasure to communicate with them through some medium. With love, Patrick Blake."

G. W. McLaughlin, Dallas, Tex.—

From your sealed letter I sense the presence of father, mother and several other spirits. The guide says your mother wants you to give more attention to healing and do all you can to help a certain meeting.

"To my mother, Ella Breffitt: I am not dead, but alive. The flowers on my basket and your tears seemed so strange to me and my trail body. You did not see me, but I was there and was so sad because I could not speak to you.—William J. Breffitt."

J. F. Morrison, Ithaca, N. Y.—I sense a brother's influence, mother and aunt. I hear these names: "John, Mary, Thomas, Rufus, Sarah and Jane." There are several spirits with you who are of the inventive turn and make you apparently very original.

Lillie E. Hager, Marquette, Mich.—The guides are not able to get your friends to-day, but they say: "Under the circumstances it will not be wise to encourage the visit." If you had fully complied with instructions you no doubt would have received a longer communication.

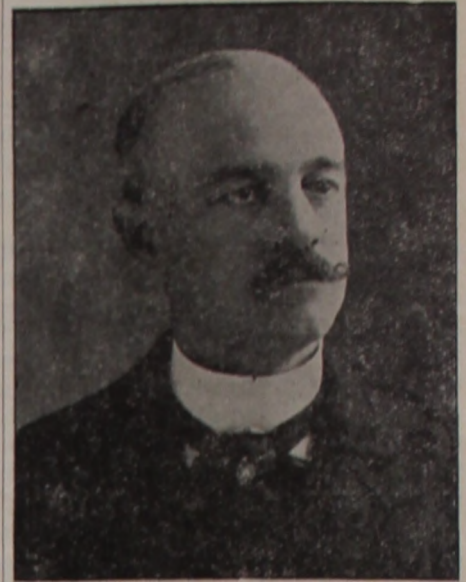
Mrs. S. M. Randall, Springfield, Mass.—"To my own beloved wife, Sarah Maria, I send token of love. This is what papa says: Jennie is not a baby any more, but often thinks of her earth mamma. She has a spirit mamma, too, and she sends love to you.—Richard."

L. Corkindale, Toronto, Canada.—A very dignified spirit comes here. In earth life he was a preacher. I get the name of Rev. Van Wyck, or the name sounds like that. He was well educated, was quite good in several languages and had many friends. I get no message but a good influence.

"Yes, I still love you more than ever, for now I am better able to judge of motives than when in earth life. It will all come true if you do your part and you should go again. Yes, we are all here and will strive to make your future bright, and eventually meet you on the border. Ever your loving guide, Henry Sager."

Jane Marshall, Rendville, O.—Dear sister in Spiritualism: While holding your letter and looking in the magic mirror I see a brighter future for you, only be brave and concentrate your forces. Tom says: "Yes, mother, you

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK

P. D. Armour, the professional butcher,  
has retired from his profession.

A shipment of \$50,000 worth of auto-  
mobiles was sent from Chicago Wed-  
nesday to the Hawaiian Islands.

According to Secretary of War Root,  
this country will either have to fight  
for the Monroe doctrine some of these  
times soon or abandon it altogether.

A new ordinance at Philadelphia  
prohibits the placing of loose circulars  
under doors, in vestibules, on door-  
steps, front porches or around door-  
knobs.

The steamer Miles arrived at Victo-  
ria, B. C., from Kobe, with 1,200 Jap-  
anese immigrants, a majority of whom  
are destined for the United States to  
work on the railways.

James Harris, of Spring Valley, Ill.,  
afflicted with smallpox, was arrested  
in Chicago, and locked in the dog  
pound for six hours before being sent  
to the isolation hospital.

Spain is reported to be persistently  
seeking political as well as commer-  
cial alliance with her former colonies  
in the western hemisphere as an offset  
to the United States aggression.

The French authorities have decided  
that all the exhibits at the exposition  
are to be open to the public on Sun-  
days, and the United States exhibits  
are, naturally, within this regulation.

Litigation is about to be instituted  
in New York City that will raise the  
question of the absolute right of the  
captain of a ship to commit to the sea  
the bodies of persons dying while the  
ship is at sea, under any circumstances.

Judge Hazen, of Meeker, Colo.—a  
brother of Mrs. Dewey's first husband  
—says: "If the people do not desire  
to place the destiny of this country in  
the hands of a woman, it is best to let  
the admiral remain where he is."

After exhausting all the resources at  
his command, Mayor Harrison, of Chi-  
cago, calls upon the newspapers and  
citizens to aid in settling the labor  
troubles that have all but paralyzed  
that city's industries for a few months  
past.

The Leland Stanford mansion in  
Sacramento is reported to have been  
presented by Mrs. Stanford to Bishop  
Grace of the Catholic diocese of Sac-  
ramento and his successors, together  
with an endowment fund of \$75,000 in-  
vested in interest-bearing bonds.

The will of Mrs. Eliza Chrisman,  
who died in Topeka recently, be-  
queaths the greater part of a fortune,  
estimated at \$250,000, for the founding  
of the University of Topeka. The be-  
quest is contingent on the Methodist  
church of Kansas raising an equal  
amount within ten years.

Joseph W. Holden, who died at Otis-  
field, Me., last week, was the Professor  
Holden who for many years preached  
the theory that the earth was flat. He  
was at one time a judge, and at an-  
other a member of the state legisla-  
ture. He got his notion of the earth's  
flatness by sitting up several nights  
and noticing that the water in his mill  
pond did not run out when, according  
to other theorists, the portion of the  
globe under his observation was upside  
down.

The Kiowa and Comanche Indians  
on the reservation in Oklahoma are in  
dire need of food. Reports from there  
say several Indians near Mountain  
View have died and fifty more are on

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the brink of starvation and will die.  
Merchants on the reservation have re-  
fused the Indians credit and hence two  
tribes are without food. The Indians  
say if the people of Topeka are so an-  
xious to help starving natives of India  
they should be doubly anxious to help  
the starving natives of the United  
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